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BRITISH GUIANA

By Wm. Perot Kaufmann

WHEN looking at an extended map of the world have you ever remarked that upon the South American continent on the northern coast and just a little to eastward there is a "tiny strip of red"? Run your eyes along the 60th meridian west and 6th parallel north, and you will locate for yourself Britain's only South American colony, British Guiana. You will see that it is upon the mainland of the continent, and is not, as many suppose, one of the West Indian islands.

British Guiana covers an area of almost 100,000 square miles, and has a seaboard of some 360 miles. It is divided into three counties: Demerara, Essequibo and Berbice. Though inhabited by only 350,000 persons, on account of its potentialities it is quite capable of supporting a population of several millions. This magnificent province is watered by mighty rivers, three of the same names as the respective counties. It is along the coast that most of the people dwell, for these are the districts upon which the sugar cane is grown and converted into sugar. The colony contains two towns: Georgetown, its capital, with 60,000 inhabitants in the county of Demerara; and New Amsterdam (8,000) in Berbice. Along the seaboard are numerous villages with populations varying from a few hundred souls to four thousand.

Guiana may be said to have been discovered by Columbus in 1498, for

he could not have passed into the Gulf of Paria, which lies between Trinidad and the South American continent without observing the highlands of that part of Guiana now known as Venezuela,—the Spanish main.

It was not, however, until the latter portion of the sixteenth century that these lands were exploited, for not until then there arose the myth of "El Dorado the Gilded," who was anointed every morning with balsam, upon which gold-dust was blown, so that he



GREAT PALM TREE



BRITISH GUIANA—A MARRIAGE PARTY OF EAST INDIANS

appeared as if made of gold. In these days of credulity too, the Spaniards had found that the Indians throughout the West Indies and Venezuela were possessed of gold plates rumoured to have come from the "Land of Cannibals," the first name given to Guiana from reports of man-eating Caribs living on the coast.

Impelled by these exaggerated reports, Spanish expeditions were equipped to search out the golden city of Manoa and the golden sands of Lake

Parima. Most of these ended disastrously, for the powerful Caribs always succeeded in repelling the invaders. Then Sir Walter Raleigh came upon the scene. Believing the reports of the Spaniards, he sailed up the Orinoco river in search of this rich country. The next year—1595—Capt. Keymis continued the exploration. No wealth was gained by these fortune-hunters, but their justice and kindness to the Indians elicited the sympathy of the aborigines. The



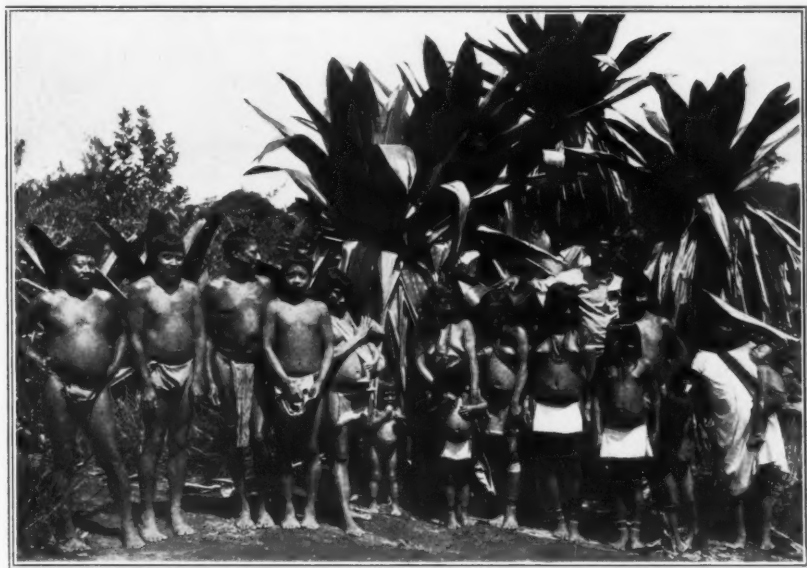
A SUGAR-CANE ESTATE—COOLIE RANGES

English were through them able to gain much information regarding the country and the people.

In the interim Dutch traders had been busy along the coast bartering the produce of Holland with the natives, and receiving in return cotton, balsam, tobacco, gum animi, copaiva, and letter-wood. To prevent theft and to defend themselves from the Spaniards or unfriendly tribes, a block-house or fort was built, armed men

British hands, but its fortunes varied until the peace of 1815 when it was formally made a part of the British Empire.

Since these early times there have been several events which have more or less seriously affected the progress of the colony, including the abolition of the slave trade and emancipation. The emancipated slaves demanded higher wages and refused to work. Agricultural labourers were imported from



THE NATIVES OF BRITISH GUIANA, SOUTH AMERICA. THEY ARE VERY SHORT, AS MAY BE SEEN BY COMPARISON WITH THE AFRICAN NEGRO IN THE REAR

were put in charge, and thus a nucleus of a settlement was formed on the Pomeroon River. This post being somewhat open to the raids of the Spaniards, early in the seventeenth century a depot and fort was established at Kyk-over-al (Look over all), at the junction of the Mazaruni and Cuyuni rivers with their mother stream the Essequibo. Their trade flourished, and in 1621 the Dutch West India Company was established, and Guiana became a possession of Holland.

In 1666, the country again fell into

Madeira, Malta and China. These did not prove eminently satisfactory, and finally importations were made from India and the East Indies, and it is to the presence of this class that Guiana to-day looks for her agricultural labourers, there being some 85,000 out of the population of 350,000.

Georgetown, the capital which covers an area of fourteen hundred acres, is admittedly the handsomest city in the West Indies. A bird's-eye view of the town from one of the towers unfurls to one's gaze a collection of

houses, churches, and public buildings embowered in palms and foliage—indeed so numerous are the trees that it appears as if the city were built in a forest. Almost every house is isolated from the other, and stands upon its own plot of land, which is invariably laid out as a garden, and stocked with beautiful foliage plants and brilliantly coloured blooms of various shrubs.

The city stands on the eastern bank of the Demerara River, with the Atlantic (made muddy by the silt-laden current which sweeps around the Brazilian

of wharves built on piles and jutting into the stream; alongside are moored vessels discharging their cargoes or being laden with the produce of the country. These wharves, except the public stappings, are all in connection with business houses and stores, all of which face on Water Street, the chief commercial thoroughfare of the city.

In Water Street is also situated the General Postoffice, above which are the Reading Rooms and Museum of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial



BRITISH GUIANA—A TYPICAL VILLAGE SCENE

coast past by our shores) as a second frontage. Along the coast about the town is a massive construction of stone extending for a distance of about two and a half miles, and known as the sea-wall. It serves to keep out the ocean waters from the land, which is very flat, and about four feet below sea-level, and also as a beautiful esplanade. On Sundays and public holidays the "Walls" are thronged with people in gala costume, and there they promenade and exchange conventionalities.

The river frontage extends for about two miles, and is composed of a series

Society, and near by are the Bank and Tower hotels, with good accommodation for visitors.

From Water Street extend numerous other streets which are intersected at right angles by those going in the other direction, so that the town is cut up into squares, and consequently facilitates matters for a stranger. Some of the streets are more than a hundred feet wide, having canals planted with the Victoria Regina water lily running down the middle, while on the grassy borders are planted trees so as to form an avenue. Then come the roads on either hand, another border

of grass, and then the houses with their fine shrubberies, all of which contribute to the making of a picturesque street.

High or Main Street is undoubtedly the finest in the city. On it are situated several of the finest public buildings and dwellings, including the Victoria Law Courts, Town Hall, Police Magistrate's Office, St. Andrew's (Presbyterian) Church, the Colonial Bank, the Portuguese Roman Catholic Church, and the Georgetown Club.

The government of the colony is ad-

may be considered as a Crown colony. For the purpose of voting the colony's expenditure, however, a college of six "Financial Representatives" is adjoined to the Court of Policy. This assembly is known as the Combined Court, and in it the representatives of the colonists are in the majority.

Justice is administered by three judges and various stipendiary magistrates in the several districts. The criminal laws are based upon those of England, but the Roman-Dutch civil code of the old colonies yet survives with a few



GEORGETOWN—HIGH STREET LOOKING WEST

ministered by a Governor, advised by an Executive Council comprised of three official and three unofficial members, who are appointed for life by the reigning Sovereign. The Court of Policy consists of eight officials, including the Governor and eight elective members, chosen from amongst the inhabitants of the colony by a constituency qualified to vote by property or income. The Governor, in event of a tie resulting during the voting of the court, gives his casting vote, and can consequently decide against the representative members; therefore in all legislative matters British Guiana

minor modifications. An excellent body of police is kept, and life and property is absolutely safe, while concurrent endowment is made to the various denominational churches and schools. For the purposes of higher education the Government maintains the Queen's College with an able staff of teachers from British universities.

Though the population is very cosmopolitan, little or no trouble is experienced, they being peaceable and law-abiding. Many of the Chinese, Portuguese and East Indians who came to the colony as agricultural labourers after the abolition of slavery,



GEORGETOWN—THE BOTANIC GARDENS

have taken up plots of land for agricultural pursuits instead of their back passages to their native land, and have given rise to a small peasantry class, and also to a numberless crowd of petty storekeepers, especially the Portuguese who have specialized in the liquor shop and salt provisions and grocery businesses. From these "Portuguese shops" purchases may be made from a cent upwards. As a class the Portuguese are shrewd, business-like and thrifty, and have accumulated in many instances great wealth. The blacks cannot compete with them in this line, and it was the jealousy which even now exists between these two classes that occasioned the outbreak of riot and its continuance for three days in 1889. Labour is cheap, the day's wages of a working man ranging from 40 to 64 cents per day.

The Chinese are the only people who can compete as shopkeepers against the Portuguese; they also are frugal and thrifty, and being quiet and extremely exclusive, have betaken themselves to the south-western vicinity of the city, where they live and carry on their business in the ward known as Charlestown.

To the East Indians we owe chiefly our dairying community, their great ambition being to own a cow. Some of them possess a thousand or more

head of cattle. As a class they are very excitable, and from time to time go on strike on the various sugar estates over, usually, some imaginary grievance. They may even at times break into riot and attack the manager and staff of overseers in the open field.

The Black community, which make up the masses, are engaged for the most part in occupations requiring great physical strength and endurance; they form the backbone of the mining and forest industries, and also from their ranks come the porters, artisans, and all classes of navvies. Along the coast lands they engage in agricultural pursuits, raising chiefly vegetables such as plantains, cassava, yams and sweet potatoes for home consumption, and also in fishing for the supply of the local markets and the city. They are good-natured and well-meaning, and though not invariably so, they are very improvident. Free education, however, is eliminating this their greatest drawback, and it has been conclusively proven that they are capable of being highly educated and refined. Many from their numbers have risen into positions of trust in the mercantile line, and there are also many of high standing in the legal, medical and teaching profession, as well as in the ministry. Those of education are equal in every way to their fairer com-

plexioned brethren, and are much respected by everybody. As a class they are far superior to the negro of the United States of America.

Of the other nationalities, Europeans other than Portuguese, there are about 15,000, chiefly English, Scotch, and a few Irishmen, and also a few Dutch and Frenchmen. There are also a few Arabs and Assyrians, who roam the country chiefly as peddlers.

From Georgetown a railroad skirts the seaboard, passing by or through the various villages, sugar estates and other agricultural settlements of minor importance, and after having run a course of some 70 miles terminates at Rosignol, on the western bank of the Berbice River. Hence the ferry-boat is taken, and after crossing the river, some two miles broad, you are landed in New Amsterdam, the chief town of Berbice, which is a miniature counterpart of Georgetown. There is no such railroad along the east coast of Berbice, and the 90 miles is traversed by a stage-coach daily.

Most of the transportation of produce is done by water by means of large punts, which sail into the large

canals along the coast and are there laden. Excellent and well-kept roads, along which coaches, carts and wagons are continually passing, add to the efficacy of the system of overland transportation, while the only approach to the river settlements and villages is by boat, in addition to an ample service of river steamers.

The mineral resources of the country are very little developed, but gold and diamonds are being found in paying quantities. The purity of the gold varies from 914 to 932 fine, and the size of the diamonds from one-fifth to four or five karats, but the generality of them are below one karat. They are identical in appearance with the Brazilian brilliant, the best specimens being perfectly pellucid, and with no bluish cast, so characteristic of the South African gem; nearly 300,000 stones were found during 1902.

The scenery in the forests and by the rivers is grand and majestic. After leaving the flat, low-lying coast lands the country becomes hilly and rises eventually to a height of 8,000 feet above the sea level at Mount Roraima, a huge table-topped plateau of sand-



GEORGETOWN—WATER STREET LOOKING NORTH



THE KAITEUR FALL, WHICH HAS A DROP OF 741 FEET,
OR FIVE TIMES AS GREAT AS THAT OF NIAGARA

stone. The rivers are broad, black, sullen streams beset with many gurgling, rippling rapids and falls, and passing through banks clad with an overwhelming luxuriance of tropical vegetation, so that travelling upon them is attended with many dangers, much expense, and infinite delight. At its mouth the Essequibo is 29 miles broad, and along its course from start to finish are first innumerable islands, and then rocky islets, those at its estuary being, some of them, cultivated.

Upon the Potaro River, a tributary of the above-mentioned stream, is one of the great wonders of the world—the Kaitum Fall, the perpendicular drop of which is 741 feet, and the stream of water which rushes over the precipice 120 yards broad. In volume it is not to be compared with Niagara,

but that fall would have to be put upon itself five times over in order to outstrip the stupendous drop of the Kaitum Fall, and then only by a few feet.

Home-life in British Guiana is very similar to what it is in Canada. The colony is very British in every way. The houses instead of being made of brick are of wood, and are lofty, having many windows so as to allow the breeze into every nook. The climate is warm and moist, though not un healthy, the temperature being from 87° to 96°; seldom does the thermometer fall below 75°, and when it does everybody shivers and thinks it very cold.

Both Georgetown and New Amsterdam are lit by electricity, and have good telephonic communication, while the former is traversed in every direction by an excellent system of electric cars. There are two banks, the British Guiana and the Colonial, both of which issue their own bills. British currency is used, but is reckoned in dollars and cents, a shilling valuing at 24 cents, or a halfpenny taking the value of a cent.

Cricket and tennis are the games of the country, football being occasionally played. At holiday time horse or cycle races are held in various districts and in Georgetown. There is an excellent rowing club, and canoeing and sculling, as well as rowing in the "fours," are popular sports. Fishing and shooting is abundant along the coast, and always affords much amusement to the energetic.

I have told you very little of our interesting colony, but you will see from what has been said that we are quite up-to-date in every direction, but like all new countries our natural resources are dormant and are awaiting development by capital from over the seas.



PASSING OF THE PIGEONS

By C. W. NASH

WHAT has become of the wild pigeons? is a question very frequently asked by people old enough to remember the vast flocks of these birds which used to cross our southern borders every spring on their way to the forests of the interior where they spent the summer and raised their young. The only answer is, that they, like the bison, have been exterminated by the civilized people who have taken the place of the so-called savages of the North American continent. The constant persecution to which they were at all seasons subjected, together with the destruction of the hardwood forests from which they derived the greater part of their food, and in which they nested, have been too much for them, and they are now almost extinct.

The Passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*) was one of the first birds to attract the attention of the earliest settlers. The incalculable numbers which composed the flocks when they traveled and the enormous area of their breeding colonies could not fail to be noticed, while the ease with which they could be taken and their value as human food would make them objects of great interest to such practical people as were the early colonists. The two great American naturalists, Audubon and Wilson, have left us descriptions of pigeon flights and nesting colonies as they saw them in their time, 1794 to 1830. These accounts show that as compared with pigeons, the flocks and breeding colonies of all other known birds sink into insignificance. At this time the

birds were of commercial importance, and were persistently followed to their breeding places by professional netters who captured them in vast numbers for the market. Audubon says that in 1805 he saw schooners lying at the wharves in New York loaded in bulk with pigeons taken on the Hudson River, and that the birds sold for only a cent apiece. In March, 1850, they were so abundant in the New York markets that piles of them could be seen in every direction. Such constant destruction could have but one effect. This was realized by some few men of forethought, and in 1861 an effort was made in Ohio to afford the pigeons some slight measure of protection. On the discussion of the law it was urged, "The Passenger pigeon needs no protection. Wonderfully prolific, having the vast forests of the north as its breeding grounds, traveling hundreds of miles in search of food, it is here to-day and elsewhere to-morrow, and no ordinary destruction can lessen them, nor can those taken be missed from the myriads yearly produced." The extermination of these birds in the short time which has elapsed since this discussion took place, shows how foolish the argument was, yet the same sort of plea is invariably set up when any effort is made to restrict the excessive slaughter of any of our living creatures which have a commercial value.

The last large nesting colony of which we have any authentic record was established in Michigan in 1876 or 1877. This nesting, as described by Mr. Wm. Brewster, began near Petos-



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

THE WILD PIGEON AND ITS NEST

ky, and extended northeast past Crooked Lake for twenty-eight miles, averaging three or four miles wide. The birds began building when the snow was a foot deep in the woods, although the fields were bare at the time. The nesting extended eight miles through hardwood timber, then crossed a river bottom wooded with arbor-vitæ, and thence stretched through white pine woods about twenty miles. For the entire distance every tree had more or less nests, and many trees were filled with them; none were lower than about fifteen feet above the ground. Pigeons are very noisy when nesting and the clamour from the colony could be heard four or five miles away when atmospheric conditions were favourable.

In 1881 a nesting colony was established a few miles west of Grand Traverse, in Michigan. This was considered at that time to be "only of moderate size, perhaps eight miles long"; this was probably the last colony of any size that the persecuted birds attempted to establish. At any rate, I have heard of none since. From 1882 to 1887 I frequently saw small flocks of pigeons in Manitoba, and found them breeding occasionally in small communities, but more often found isolated nests, usually built in the small oaks which are abundant in the southern part of that Province.

In the days of their abundance the first of the pigeons always reached us in April, and the flight continued usually until nearly the end of May, so that by the time the last arrivals reached the breeding colony the first would have eggs in their nests. The birds generally flew low enough to be well within gunshot, and enormous numbers of them

were killed as they passed along.

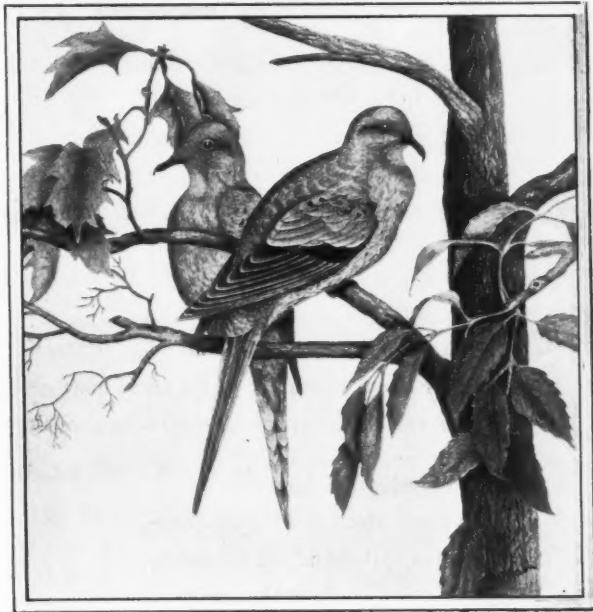
The nest of the Passenger pigeon is about the most slovenly and the flimsiest specimen of bird architecture known. It consists of a few dry twigs without lining, and is so loosely put together that the eggs or young can always be seen from below. How the birds contrive to avoid throwing their eggs off the frail platform when they go upon it or leave it is a mystery solvable only by themselves. On this structure two pure white eggs are usually laid, though many authorities have stated that the majority of the nests never contain more than one egg. Mr. Brewster says that five weeks are consumed by a single nesting and then the young are forced out of the nest by the old birds. In 1884 I found nests containing eggs from the 21st of May to the beginning of June, and noticed the first young birds able to fly on the 3rd of July. Both the male and female take their turn at incubation, but when the males are off the nest feeding they move about in small flocks and frequently fly long distances in search of food. The females, however, seem to feed singly and seldom go very far from their nesting-place. How many broods each pair of pigeons will produce in a year seems to be somewhat in doubt. Those I was able to observe undoubtedly bred

twice, though I might have some difficulty in proving it, for a second brood was never raised in a nest from which young had already flown. It is generally said that pigeons are exclusively grain-eating birds, and certainly their principal food consists of beechnuts, acorns, berries, and such grain and seeds as they can glean from the stubbles; yet on the 27th of June, 1885, I shot fourteen, all males, and found the crop of each one of them full of caterpillars. This was the only time I ever found that these birds had indulged themselves with an insect diet.

The Passenger pigeons have gone. They were victims to the results of advancing civilization and so-called improvement. They were birds of the forest, entirely peculiar to North America, requiring large areas of woodland in which to fulfil their natural functions. Their gregarious habit during the nesting period especially, rendered them an easy prey to the insatiable market-hunter. Had it not been for the destruction wrought by these people, and had the birds been accorded a fair measure of protection during the breeding season I think it is probable that the pigeons would not have to be ranked amongst the creatures that once were, but now are not. All animals are capable of adapting themselves to changed condi-

tions; as the forests disappear the large flocks would have broken up and the birds would have bred in small communities or single pairs wherever they found suitable localities—just as I found them in Manitoba in the early eighties.

What has happened to the pigeons will surely happen to others of our valuable forms of life. Our lakes and streams are being depleted of the best species of game and food fish, and our game, both furred and feathered, is disappearing so rapidly that all the next generation will see of it will be a few skins in museum cases. Laws for the protection of our fish and game we have in plenty, but laws that are not enforced, and which are not supported by public sympathy, are worse than useless.



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

A PAIR OF WILD PIGEONS—NOW VERY RARELY SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY WHERE ONCE THEY WERE SEEN IN THOUSANDS

A HYMN OF EMPIRE*

EVERY sea laves the shore of Britain's wide Empire;
The sunlight never leaves her fields of grain;
The girdle of her might is clasped about the earth,
And right is cloistered in her halls of power:
'Neath the royal banner—the banner of St. George.

The East is dawned upon her realm;
The West sleeps in her arms;
The North holds barrier to her sway;
And South her mandates reach:
'Neath the royal banner—the banner of St. George.

Beside the King stand Britons all;
Each to himself his right he hath,
And in the law no great nor small,
For might is tribute to the right:
'Neath the royal banner—the banner of St. George.

Behind the Empire stand Britons all
To guard their heritage of blood;
And when it crumbles from its high estate
Will cease the bondage of the fallen one:
Then furl the royal banner—the banner of St. George:

Of ourselves, all humbly,
To the Nations this our speech—
We are Britons, of the Kingship,
Proud our tenure of the faith:
'Neath the royal banner—the banner of St. George.

* *Written for the King's Birthday*

W. A. Fraser

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XXXVI.—THE HON. L. J. TWEEDIE, PREMIER OF NEW BRUNSWICK

THE HONOURABLE LEMUEL J. TWEEDIE, who has been Premier of New Brunswick for more than two years, is a native of the Province, and was born in Northumberland county, which he has always represented in the Legislature, and in Chatham, the town in which he now lives and where he has always lived. Mr. Tweedie is descended from the old Scotch family of that name which has for centuries resided in Peeblesshire and which takes its name from that old historic river the Tweed.

The Tweedies made no small amount of stir in Scotland in ancient days, and in the sixteenth century the feuds of the Tweedies and Veitches were considered to be of so much importance that they attracted the personal attention of King James the Sixth, who exercised his kingcraft for the purpose of putting an end to them. If, therefore, the present Mr. Tweedie is combative by nature, he has fairly obtained that characteristic by descent.

He was born in 1850, so that he is still comparatively a young man, although it is more than twenty-eight years since he first became a member of the Legislature. His tastes were always in the direction of politics, and in 1874, three years after he had been called to the bar of New Brunswick, he became a candidate for legislative honours and was successful, being second on the poll, and only second to the Honourable William M. Kelly, the popular Minister of Public Works of that day.

Mr. Tweedie's entrance into public life was as a Liberal and a supporter of the free, non-sectarian school policy of the Government of New Brunswick. During the four years that he was a member of the Legislature at that time he proved himself a ready speaker. At the election of 1878 he was defeated, and for eight years he was absent

from the House. This gave him leisure to build up a large law practice. At the general election of 1886 he was again returned for the county of Northumberland on the question of lower stumpage for the North-Shore counties. The lumbermen of the North-Shore counties, Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland and Kent, felt that, owing to the Gulf of St. Lawrence being closed for five months of the year, they were unable to pay so high a rate of stumpage as those lumbering on the rivers which flow into the Bay of Fundy, which is navigable all the year round. This stumpage question, therefore, became a very important issue, and in 1890, at the general election, a majority of members was returned, pledged to support this policy. As Mr. Blair could not resist the demand for lower stumpage, he very wisely modified his policy and took into his government representatives from the North Shore. Mr. Tweedie thus became a member of Mr. Blair's government, taking the office of Surveyor-General, head of the Crown Lands Department. He continued to hold the office of Surveyor-General until the retirement of Mr. Blair in 1896.

The Government was then reconstructed under the Premiership of the Hon. James Mitchell. Mr. Tweedie became Provincial Secretary, an office which he has continued to hold ever since. The Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick is its finance minister and receiver-general.

On the death of Mr. Mitchell in December, 1897, the Government was reconstructed, and the Hon. Henry R. Emmerson became Premier. Mr. Emmerson retired from the Premiership to enter Federal politics in August, 1900, and Mr. Tweedie then became Premier after ten years' service as a member of the Government, holding two import-



HON. L. J. TWEEDIE, PREMIER OF NEW BRUNSWICK

ant portfolios. It cannot, therefore, be considered that Mr. Tweedie was unduly favoured by fortune, or that he had not fairly earned the position which he had gained.

Mr. Tweedie, as Surveyor-General, did good service to his native Province in the way of developing its mineral resources and its Crown lands. He

was the originator of the system of long leases for Crown lands which has given the lumbering industry a stability which it did not possess before. The mining legislation which he enacted has been the means of developing the coal areas of the Province and also its deposits of copper and mineral oil. Under his administration tracts of valu-

able timber land which had been hitherto untouched by the axe of the lumberman were brought into use and leased. As Premier, he has inaugurated legislation for the development of the coalfields of Queens and Sunbury counties, which are now reached by a railroad, and which are likely to be highly advantageous to the manufacturing industries of New Brunswick.

A characteristic of Mr. Tweedie is his political courage, which sometimes causes him to deal rather unceremoniously with the pet ideas of others. His policy has always been to benefit New Brunswick and to place the Maritime Provinces in an advantageous position with respect to the rest of Canada.

Personally, Mr. Tweedie is short and stout, and he is said to bear a strong resemblance to the late President Mc-

Kinley. Anyone can see by his portrait that there is something of McKinley and also of Napoleon Bonaparte in his features, and perhaps if the energies of either of these men had been confined to a small Canadian Province they might not have made a larger figure in the world than Mr. Tweedie has. He is an agreeable companion and a good citizen. He is an adherent of the Presbyterian Church, and takes an active part in the work of the church to which he belongs. He married a daughter of the late Alexander Loudoun, of Chatham, twenty-six years ago, and has six children living, four sons and two daughters. He has a beautiful home at Chatham, where he prefers to be rather than at the capital of the province.

E. Q. V.

ST. VALENTINE

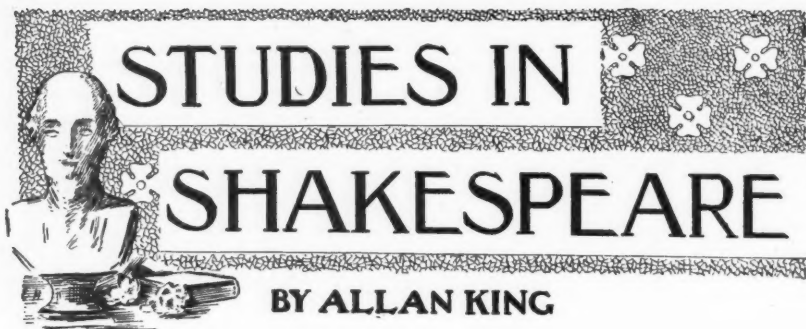
ST. VALENTINE was an old locksmith by trade,
Who lived in a district near Rome,
He owned a small shop to which year after year,
The youths of the village would come;
For here in this shop hung for all who would buy,
Strings of wonderful, magical keys,
With power to unlock any fair maiden's heart,
The youth it would happen to please.

But only once yearly were these keys for sale,
So he who a maiden would win,
Must needs on the fourteenth of February go
To purchase from St. Valentine;
And thousands of keys on that morning were sold,
As each ardent youth thither flocked,
Affections were plighted, and love-pledges made,
While hearts all responsive unlocked.

But these days are over, the dear Saint is dead,
Sweet maids are not readily won,
A race of winged Cupids to Earth has come down,
And love's work is differently done.
A bow and a quiver of arrows they bear,
These swift, sportive boys at their side,
And fiercely they aim at each tender young heart,
Their shafts flying off far and wide.

They wound, but they kindle the flame of true love
No arrow e'er pierces in vain;
Alas! that no heart can be conquered these days
Without some infliction of pain.

Martha Martin



STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

BY ALLAN KING

IV.—HIS USE OF FLOWERS

SHAKESPEARE in his plays uses the flowers which he must have seen growing in the fields and by the wayside and in the gardens and very likely in his own garden at Stratford. They are the flowers which are most familiar to us now, the flowers which, as children, we knew so early in our lives that we cannot remember when we became conscious of them. They are the rose, lily, violet, primrose, daffodil, daisy, carnation, cowslip, pansy and a few others equally familiar.

The rose occurs oftenest, as one would expect from an English dramatist. It occurs in such a variety of scenes and associated with such divergent characters, in war and peace, in the shadows of life as well as in its sunshine, in scenes where love rules and in scenes where hate guides the actions of men and women, that one is reminded of a stanza of an old poem which runs as follows:—

"No chance or change of human fate,
But on the sinless roses wait,
And yet whate'er their lot,
With equal loveliness they spring
Within the garden of a king,
Or by a peasant's cot."

Henry V died leaving the English masters of a large portion of France and King Henry VI was, while still a child, crowned at London and Paris. During his minority the nobles contended with each other for the right to govern. Henry, on coming of age, was unable to rule the kingdom. "He

was almost an imbecile, and entirely unfit to cope with the situation which had arisen during his minority." He was of a gentle and peaceful disposition, and did not seem to understand the turbulent spirits who were contending for power on the very steps of his throne. Out of the chaos of faction and rebellion emerged the houses of York and Lancaster, who divided the kingdom in their quarrel, and carried on a war which waged intermittently for thirty years, opening with the battle of St. Albans in 1455 and closing on Bosworth Field in 1485.

In the 4th scene of the 2nd Act of the 1st part of *King Henry VI* Somerset and Plantagenet, the representatives of the houses of Lancaster and York, choose the red and the white rose, as the respective badges of their houses, in the quiet garden of the old Temple of London.

The closing scene of the Wars of the Roses is described in the closing scene of the play of *Richard III*. Richard is slain, and Richmond, afterwards Henry VII, proclaims that—

"We will unite the white rose and the red:

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together."

Sir Hugh Evans, the merry parson in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, sings his song and discloses his Welsh origin by substituting p for b—

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies."

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Titania, the Fairy Queen, still under the influence of the herb juice which Oberon dropped on her eyelids, says to Bottom:—

"Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in the sleek smooth
head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy."

And Oberon in the same play tells Puck that he knows

"A bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxslips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania sometimes of the night
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight."

Hermia in the same play, in describing to Helena her own and Lysander's trysting place in their flight from Athens, tells her that it is to be—

"In the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie."

Primrose is used by Ophelia in the sense of flowery, gay; when being advised by her brother as to her conduct during his absence in France she cautions him not to tread the primrose path of dalliance. The porter in *Macbeth* uses it in the same sense. He grew weary of opening the gate during the long night, and finally says:—

"I'll devil-porter it no further; I had thought
to have let in some of all professions that go
the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

Ophelia's distribution of flowers will be remembered by all who have seen the play, as perhaps the most pathetic sight to be witnessed on the stage.

To Laertes she says:—

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray, love, remember;

And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

LAER.—A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPH.—There's fennel for you, and columbines;

There's rue for you; and here's some for me;

We may call it herb-grace o' Sundays; O,

You must wear your rue with a difference.

There's a daisy; I would give you some violets,

But they withered all when my father died;
They say he made a good end."

Weiss, in his "Wit, Humour, and Shakespeare," discusses Ophelia's distribution of flowers as follows:—"The flowers themselves are culled in fancy. She holds no actual nosegay in her hand. It is plain that the rosemary for remembrance is ideally bestowed upon Laertes, with pansies too. Rosemary was supposed to have the quality of strengthening the memory. The volatile Laertes will have need of it and as many thoughts as he can muster. The fennel ought to be handed to Horatio, and the columbines should be intended for the King. . . . There's rue for the Queen; for she has great need of repentance. There's rue for herself too. Both need it; but the Queen with a difference, as her moral condition differed from Ophelia's. We may call it an herb that leads to grace. There's a daisy. She recognizes it, but ought not to keep it for herself, and there is no other maiden present. It represents frivolous and light-thoughted girls. She would give Laertes some violets, if they had not all withered when his father died."

In the *Winter's Tale*, Perdita distributes flowers in the 4th scene of the 4th Act, but it is at a merry-making, and she is surrounded by a bright and happy company. She still thinks that she is the shepherd's daughter, and when the shepherd tells her that when his old wife lived, she was pantler, butler, cook, dame and servant; welcomed all; served all; would sing her song and dance her turn, Perdita blushing takes upon herself the duties of hostess, and says to Polixenes, who is present in disguise:—

"Sir, welcome;

It is my father's will I should take on me

The hostess-ship o' the day—[TO CAM.]—

You're welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep

Seeming and savour all the winter long;

Grace and remembrance be to you both,

And welcome to our shearing!

POL.—Shepherdess,—

A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages

With flowers of winter.

PER.—Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,
.

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.
CAM.—I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,

And only live by gazing.

PER.—Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now,
my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and
yours,

That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing; O Prosperina,
For the flowers now, that frightened thou
let'st fall

From Dis's waggon; daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxslips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet
friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLO.—What, like a corse?

PER.—No, like a bank for love to lie and
play on:

Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take
your flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals; sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition."

But the Prince is pleased with her,
and tells her so in a speech which
would please a maid of any age or
country.

"FLO.—What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever. When you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too; when you do dance, I
wish you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function; each your doing,
So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present
deed,
That all your acts are queens."

The Duchess of York in *King Richard II*, Act V, sc. 2, on hearing of the entry into London of King Richard II in the train of the victorious Bolingbroke, and of the rudeness shown him by the mob who cried out to Bolingbroke, "God save thee," while they threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head, adds another saying, to the many which have been coined to express the fact that the populace have a short memory. Her son, Aumerle, arrives upon the scene, from whom she evidently expects further news, for she says to him:—

"Welcome, my son; who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come
spring?"

In the 2nd scene of the 4th Act of play of *King John*, we have one of the many-quoted speeches of this author. King John is uneasy about his title to the crown, and his courtiers, as in duty bound, were assuring him that his title was perfect. Salisbury, one of his followers, addresses him as follows:—

"Therefore to be possessed with double
pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
garnish,

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II, sc. 1, there is a very pretty song in which the cowslip figures.

Puck meets a fairy in the wood, and in answer to his question—

"How now, spirit! Whither wander you?"

The fairy answers—

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough brush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours;
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

And in *The Tempest*, when Prospero's charms have all succeeded, and he thinks the time opportune for disclosing his identity to his visitors, he asks Ariel to help him dress, and in doing so he sings:—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

In the play of *King Henry VIII*, there are two references to the lily.

The first occurs in the famous scene Act III, sc. 1, between Katharine and the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.

They are sent by the King to interview Katharine with reference to the divorce from her, which the King desires. She feels that she is not able to cope with these able and experienced men, but in forcible and dignified language she refers to the years which she spent as the wife of the King, and to the true and loving obedience which she rendered to him during those years.

But, as if suddenly realizing that she is, after all, helpless, and that the only friends upon whom she can rely are the women of her own household, she drops into a strain of self-compassion:—

"Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living."

To her women—

"Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me; like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
I'll hang my head and perish."

The other reference is made by Cranmer, in the last scene of the play,

at the christening ceremony of the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen Elizabeth. It is an interesting and historic scene, for it portrays Henry in the exercise of absolute power as the head of the Church, and Cranmer is selected as godfather to the Princess, and speaks in part as follows:—

"Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness.

She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her."

A very interesting reference to the pansy is to be found in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II, sc. 1.

It was Queen Elizabeth's pride to think that while the young noblemen of her Court were fighting with each other for her favour, she could look on wholly indifferent to their several suits. Shakespeare, while he was the greatest of dramatists, was not on occasion above employing the arts of a courtier. It is almost beyond question that the reference to the "fair vestal throned by the west," who passed on "in maiden meditation fancy free," was to the Queen, and the little western flower is said to have been intended as a reference to the unfortunate Amy Robsart, wife of the Earl of Leicester. This quotation is referred to in a very interesting chapter of Scott's "Kenilworth."

A petition was handed to the Queen on a day on which she was having an excursion upon the Thames, accompanied by the Earl of Leicester, Sir Walter Raleigh, then a very young man, and others, in a pleasure barge; which said petition prayed that a play-

house, kept by one Will Shakespeare, should be ordered to be closed. It was claimed by the petitioner that the manly amusement of bear-baiting was falling into neglect, and that men would rather throng to see the roguish players kill each other in jest, than to see the royal dogs and bears worry each other in bloody earnest. The petition was supported by Lord Sussex, who was of the party. The Earl of Leicester, however, spoke to some purpose for Will Shakespeare, and at the command of the Queen, Raleigh recited the celebrated vision of Oberon referred to above:—

"That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy free."

Raleigh's recitation ended here, and to quote from Kenilworth: "The voice of Raleigh as he repeated the last lines became a little tremulous, as if diffi-

dent how the Sovereign to whom the homage was addressed, might receive it, exquisite as it was. If this diffidence was affected, it was good policy, but if real there was little occasion for it. . . . Alike delighted with the matter, the manner and the graceful form and animated countenance of the gallant young reciter, Elizabeth kept time to every cadence with look and with finger. When the speaker had ceased, she murmured over the last lines as if scarce conscious that she was overheard, and as she uttered the words:—

'In maiden meditation fancy free,'

she dropped into the Thames the supplication of the keeper of the royal bears, to find more favourable acceptance at Sheerness, or wherever the tide might waft it."

The lines which referred to the pansy and, as some writers contend, to Amy Robsart, and to which Sir Walter Raleigh, diplomat that he was, did not recite to the Queen, were:—

"Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk white; now purple with love's wound,

And maidens call it love-in-idleness."

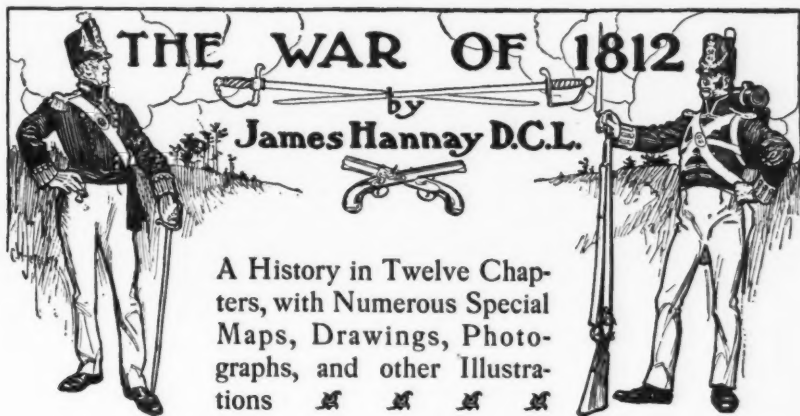
A QUESTION

SUPPOSE I touched your hand, my love,
Like a gentle caress of the wind,
Would the daisies by the way-side see,
Or are the daisies blind?

Suppose I touched your hair, my love,
Like a breath of a falling leaf,
Would the little brook my secret learn
And steal it away like a thief?

Suppose I touched your lips, my love,
In one soft, gentle kiss,
Would you turn away offended, dear,
Or yield one moment's bliss?

Sydney C. Dalton



CHAPTER II.—THE OPERATIONS ON THE DETROIT FRONTIER

IT was on the 12th of June that Hull's army was united by the junction of the regulars under Colonel Miller, and on the following day it commenced its march through the wilderness, towards the Detroit frontier. As Hull advanced he built block-houses along his line of march to serve as depots and rallying points for his force in the event of a retreat. At Blanchard's Fork, on the Miami River, a stockaded fort, which was named Fort Findlay, was erected, and here Hull received a despatch on the 24th of June from the War Department, directing him to hasten to Detroit and await further orders. This despatch was dated the 19th of June, the same day that war was declared, but it made no mention of that fact.

Hull hastened forward and halted at the Rapids of the Miami, reaching there the highest settlement on that river and navigable water. For the purpose of relieving his baggage animals of a part of their burden, he placed his own baggage and that of most of his officers, the hospital stores, intrenching tools, the general orders of the army and the complete muster rolls of his force, on the schooner *Cuyahoga* to be carried to Detroit. The wives of several of his officers, and thirty soldiers, were also embarked on the schooner. This action, as it turned

out, had a very important effect on the issue of the campaign. The *Cuyahoga* reached Miami Bay, where Toledo now stands, on the evening of the 1st of July, and on the same day Hull's army moved towards Detroit through a fine open country by way of Frenchtown on the River Raisin. Here, on the 2nd of July, Hull was overtaken by a courier with a despatch from the War Department, informing him that war had been declared against Great Britain and that he should proceed to Detroit with all possible expedition.

It has been already seen that war had been declared on the 19th of June, and that the intention of the American War Secretary was to have Canada invaded and the territory opposite Detroit occupied before the news of the declaration of war reached Sir George Prevost or Major-General Brock. But this intention was defeated by the difficulty of the march through the wilderness, and by the vigilance of the friends of the British Government in New York city. Sir George Prevost received information of the declaration of war on the 24th of June, by an express from New York to the North-West Fur Company, which left that city on the 20th, the day when intelligence of the declaration of war reached it. On the 25th Sir George Prevost sent a courier

with a letter to Brock, who was then at York, but it did not reach him until the third day of July when he was at Fort George on the Niagara frontier. Brock had been already informed of the war by an express from New York as early as the 27th June. It appears that the intelligence of the declaration of war which reached Brock was brought by a messenger sent by John Jacob Astor to Thos. Clark of Niagara Falls. Thus the private interest of an American citizen who had a large trade in Canada served the purpose of putting the President of Upper Canada on his guard against the expected invasion. It is a curious circumstance that this messenger, who was a native of Albany, told his countrymen on the way that he was carrying the news of the war to Fort Niagara, and he obtained in consequence every facility from them that money and horses could afford.

It is equally remarkable that the official intimation of the war, from the British Minister at Washington, was so much delayed that it did not reach Quebec until some weeks had elapsed. It was fortunate for Canada that in this crisis she had not to rely on official notices, for at that time every day was precious, and the fate of the Provinces hung in the balance. Colonel St. George, who commanded the British forces at Malden on the Detroit River, received notice of the declaration of war on the 30th June, two days before it reached General Hull, and Captain Roberts, who was in command of the British post on the island of St. Joseph at the head of Lake Huron, was notified by letter on the 8th July. It is stated in American histories that the letters to Colonel St. George and Captain Roberts were in envelopes franked by the American Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gallatin, but how this happened remains to this day a mystery. It was certainly remarkable that the postal facilities of the enemy should thus have been utilized for the purpose of assisting Canada to defend itself against an American invasion.

The promptitude with which the news of the war reached the Canadian frontier led to two events which exercised the greatest possible influence on the results of the campaign. On the morning of the 2nd July, while the *Cuyahoga*, with all Hull's baggage, was sailing past Malden, unconscious of danger, she was brought to by a gun from the British fort. The British armed vessel *Hunter* went alongside of her, and the schooner and her cargo became a prize. Thus the most complete information in regard to Hull's army, its numbers and character, fell into the hands of the British, besides a great variety of stores which were necessary for his operations in the campaign against Canada.

Still more important effects were produced by the early conveyance of the news of the war to Captain Roberts who commanded the fort at St. Joseph. This fort, which was on the island of St. Joseph, in the straits between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, had been established by Lord Dorchester in 1795. It was intended to serve as a check on the American Fort Mackinack, which was forty-seven miles distant on an island of the same name lying in the strait between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan.

On the 15th July Roberts received letters by express from General Brock with orders to adopt the most prudent measures either for offence or defence which circumstances might point out. Roberts had received intelligence that he was likely to be attacked at St. Joseph, and he knew that his post there was quite indefensible, so he determined to lose no time in becoming the aggressor by taking the American Fort at Mackinack. On the 16th he embarked with 45 officers and men of the 16th Royal Veteran Battalion, 180 Canadians, 393 Indians, and two iron six-pounders, on his hazardous expedition. This force reached Mackinack on the following morning. A summons was immediately sent in, and Fort Mackinack, with seven pieces of cannon and 61 officers and men of the United States army surrendered without the

shedding of a single drop of blood. Captain Roberts was so prompt in his movements, and so judicious in the measures he adopted, that it was impossible for the Americans to make any successful resistance, for his men were on the heights which commanded the fort with a gun in position, almost before the enemy had notice of their presence. This capture of the very important post of Mackinack was of far more consequence to the British cause than would be apparent to the casual reader, for it fixed the loyalty of the Indians, and showed them which side they should take in the coming struggle, and it left Detroit wholly open to the attacks of the savages from the northern lakes. If Mackinack had been held by the American forces in 1812 the result of the campaign on the Detroit frontier might have been very different.

The very small force of regulars in Canada for its defence would have been still smaller at the commencement of the war, had it not been for the steps taken by Sir George Prevost on the advice of Major-General Brock, early in the year, to increase the number of Canadian regiments. In February, 1812, the establishment of the existing provincial regiment, the Canadian Fencibles, was increased to 800 men, and a project, which had been proposed several years before, for raising a regiment of infantry from the Glengarry settlers, was carried into effect. Brock took an active part in promoting this work, but due credit should also be given to Sir George Prevost for his share in it. His correspondence with the British Government shows that while this project of enlisting a regiment of 400 men was at first approved, it was afterwards discountenanced, and on the 30th March, 1812, Lord Liverpool wrote Sir George Prevost ordering him to abandon the work of raising the Glengarry regiment, the British Government evidently then believing and continuing to believe during most of the summer of 1812, that there would be no war. Fortunately for Canada the

work of enlisting this regiment had advanced so far before Sir George Prevost received Lord Liverpool's letter that his orders could not be carried out, and on the 26th May Sir George was able to report to Lord Liverpool that the Glengarry regiment, completed to the number of 400 men, was stationed at Three Rivers. The strength of this regiment was afterwards increased to 600 and finally to 800 men, and it performed very efficient service during the war. It appears from a despatch written by Sir George Prevost to Lord Liverpool dated the 15th July, 1812, that Glengarry did not supply all the men necessary to complete the regiment which bore that name, but that all the Provinces had to be resorted to for recruits for it. In the same despatch he states that he had limited the numbers of the Canadian Voltigeurs to 300, owing to the low state of the military chest.

Major-General Brock was at York, the capital of the Province, when news was received of the declaration of war. At that time he had just been offered a company of farmers' sons with their trained horses for the equipment of a car brigade to be commanded by Captain Holcroft of the Royal Artillery. This offer was immediately accepted, and the flank companies of the militia of the Upper Province were called out, which made an addition of 800 men to his available force. Brock then hastened to Fort George on the Niagara frontier, and there established his military headquarters. He summoned the Indians of the Grand River to come to his assistance, and about 100 of them responded. These prompt measures showed that the cause of Great Britain and of Canada was not likely to suffer from any lack of zeal or energy on the part of the President of Upper Canada. The car brigade was complete by the 3rd July. The Americans had gathered a considerable force on the east side of the Niagara River, but the Niagara frontier was lined with British troops and militia, and other preparations made to give the enemy a warm reception.

In the meantime Hull was advancing towards the Detroit frontier. Detroit at that time was a town of some 160 houses, with a population of about 800, the inhabitants being chiefly of French descent. On the hill in the rear of the village, about 250 yards from the river, stood Fort Detroit. It was quadrangular in form with bastions on each corner and covered about two acres of ground. Its embankments were nearly twenty feet in height, with a deep dry ditch, and it was surrounded by a double row of pickets. This fort before Hull's arrival was garrisoned by 94 officers and men of the United States army. Its position was one of considerable strength, but it was so placed that it did not command the river, and could not damage the armed vessels which the British had at that time in those waters. The town itself was surrounded by strong pickets 14 feet high with loop-holes to shoot through.

The St. Clair River flows through Lake St. Clair, a few miles to the eastward of Detroit, to Lake Erie, its course being almost north and south. Near the junction of the river with Lake Erie on the United States side is Brownstown; immediately opposite Brownstown was Amherstburg and Fort Malden; while on the Canadian side of the river nearly opposite Detroit was the village of Sandwich.

Hull's army reached Brownstown on the 4th July, and spent that day in constructing a bridge across the Huron River. They marched early the next morning and that evening encamped at Spring Wells, at the lower end of the Detroit settlement, opposite Sandwich, where a small British force was stationed, and where fortifications were being erected. Fort Detroit and its vicinity were immediately occupied by Hull's army. These enthusiastic warriors amused themselves by cannonading the village of Sandwich, frightening the inhabitants out of their houses, and doing some slight damage. Hull had fully 2,500 men with him when he reached Detroit.

The British forces on the Canadian

side of the river consisted of 100 men of the Forty-first Regiment, a few artillery, 300 Canadian Militia and about 150 Indians, the whole under the command of Colonel St. George. The only fortification at that time was Fort Malden, which was a small work of four bastions flanking a dry ditch, with an interior defence of pickets with loop-holes for musketry. All the buildings in this fort were of wood roofed with shingles, and could easily have been destroyed by a few shells. As a defensive work against a civilized enemy with artillery, Fort Malden could be of no use whatever. A few of the British were stationed at Sandwich, and there Colonel St. George had commenced the erection of a two-gun battery, but it had not been completed when the Americans arrived at Detroit. Hull's army was so determined on the immediate invasion of Canada that his delay in taking this step almost made his soldiers mutinous. During his march through the wilderness he discovered that amateur soldiers, hastily levied and commanded by officers whom they had themselves elected, were not to be controlled with as much ease as if they had been disciplined veterans, because they had not been taught the first duty of a soldier, obedience. Hull delayed his invasion until he had received orders from Washington to advance, but these orders having arrived on the evening of the 7th July, he determined to invade Canada at once. The number of British troops at Sandwich was so small that there was no difficulty in crossing over, but Hull thought it necessary to resort to strategy, and sent his boats down the river on the evening of the 11th to Spring Wells for the purpose of inducing the British to believe that an attack on Malden was contemplated. During the night the boats returned up the river, and the crossing was effected at a point about a mile and a half to the eastward of Detroit, and some three miles from Sandwich. The few British that were at Sandwich retired down the river to the main body, so that no resistance whatever was offered.

Hull now issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Canada which was intended to intimidate them and prevent them from defending their country against their enemies. This proclamation is said to have been written by Colonel Louis Cass, one of his officers, who afterwards became a public man of some note. Apart from its boastful and confident spirit, its principal feature was the threat that if Indians were employed in the war no mercy would be shown to the people of Canada. "The first stroke of the tomahawk, the first attempt with the scalping knife," says the proclamation, "will be the signal of one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner—instant destruction will be his lot." The proclamation closed with offering the people of Canada their choice between peace, liberty and security, and war, slavery and destruction. A few residents of Canada, living on the Detroit frontier, were frightened by these loud threats, or seduced by Hull's fine promises, and had much reason afterwards to regret their foolish choice. The majority of the inhabitants remained faithful to the flag under which they had received protection and had enjoyed a large measure of prosperity.

Major-General Brock was at Fort George on the Niagara frontier, when on the 20th July he received intelligence of Hull's invasion and a copy of his proclamation. He instantly issued a counter proclamation which is a marvel of manly eloquence and which produced a powerful effect on the minds of all who read it.

He assured the people of Canada of the powerful protection of Great Britain, and pointed out to them their duty in the protection of their country. He asked upon what new principle the Indians were to be prevented from defending their property in common with the rest of His Majesty's subjects, and assured those to whom the proclamation was addressed that if the threats of General Hull were carried out retaliation would follow, not

only on the Canadian border, but wherever the war against the United States was being waged.

General Brock sent Colonel Proctor of the 41st Regt., with such reinforcements as he could spare, to assume command at Amherstburg and then proceeded to York to meet the Legislature of Upper Canada, which assembled in special session on the 27th July. His opening speech to that body was well calculated to awaken in the hearts of its members those patriotic feelings which are seldom absent from the breasts of Canadians. He said:—

"When invaded by an enemy whose avowed object is the entire conquest of the Province, the voice of loyalty as well as of interest, calls aloud to every person in the sphere in which he is placed to defend his country. Our militia have heard the voice and have obeyed it. They have evinced by the promptitude and loyalty of their conduct that they are worthy of the king whom they serve, and of the Constitution which they enjoy; and it affords me particular satisfaction that, while I address you as legislators, I speak to men who, in the day of danger, will be ready to assist not only with their counsel, but with their arms.

"We are engaged in an awful and eventful contest. By unanimity and despatch in our Councils, and by vigour in our operations, we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by free men, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution, cannot be conquered."

The House of Assembly thus addressed contained some members who were not in harmony with the general feeling of loyalty which prevailed throughout the Province, and who endeavoured to obstruct the progress of urgent business by dilatory methods. After a session which lasted only nine days, and during which two acts were passed providing for the defence of the Province, the Legislature was prorogued and Brock left free to look after the military operations which demanded his personal attention. The closing act of the Legislature was to issue a loyal address to the inhabitants of Upper Canada, the tone of which leaves nothing to be desired. The concluding paragraph of this spirited document is as follows:—

"Remember that when you go forth to the combat, you fight not for yourselves alone,

but for the whole world. You are defeating the most formidable conspiracy against the civilization of man that was ever contrived, a conspiracy threatening greater barbarism and misery than followed the downfall of the Roman Empire; that now you have an opportunity of proving your attachment to the parent state, which contends for the relief of oppressed nations, the last pillar of true liberty and the last refuge of oppressed humanity."

General Hull having established himself on the soil of Canada at Sandwich, his army expected that he would make an immediate advance on Malden and clear the frontier of British troops. Fort Malden was indeed very weak and quite untenable if attacked with vigour by any considerable force, but, as the British had command of the river opposite it could only be attacked by land by way of Sandwich. At River Aux Canards, four miles above Malden, Colonel St. George established an outpost, and parties of Indians were thrown out in advance of it and scouted the banks of the Detroit river as far as Turkey Creek. On the 15th July Colonel Cass made his appearance in the vicinity of River aux Canards with 280 men of his regiment. The bridge over this stream was defended by a company of the 41st Regiment, sixty militia and a party of Indians. The Indians were sent forward about a mile to entice the Americans to the bridge, but Cass and the bulk of his men had gone farther up the stream in order to find a place to cross and outflank the British, leaving a portion of the detachment in ambush in the woods. This concealed body of riflemen fired on the Indians, killing one and wounding two others. The dead Indian was scalped by these soldiers of a general who had objected to the use of the scalping-knife in a proclamation only three days' old. The individual who thus imitated the Indian whose warfare, to use the words of President Madison's message to Congress, is "distinguished by features peculiarly shocking to humanity," was a certain Captain William McCullough, who is described by an American historian as "one of the bravest and most devoted of his country's defenders." Captain

McCullough, just three weeks later, was unfortunate enough to lose his own scalp, in an encounter with the Indians at Brownstown. In his pocket was found a letter addressed to his wife in which his achievement was related, and in which he boasted that he tore the scalp from the head of the savage with his teeth. This trivial matter would be unworthy of mention but for the proof which it affords that savage deeds were by no means confined to the Indians. With what show of reason could a nation object to Indian methods of warfare when its soldiers not only adopted those methods themselves, but boasted of the fact, and carried home with them in triumph the bloody trophies torn from the heads of savages whose worst deeds they surpassed?

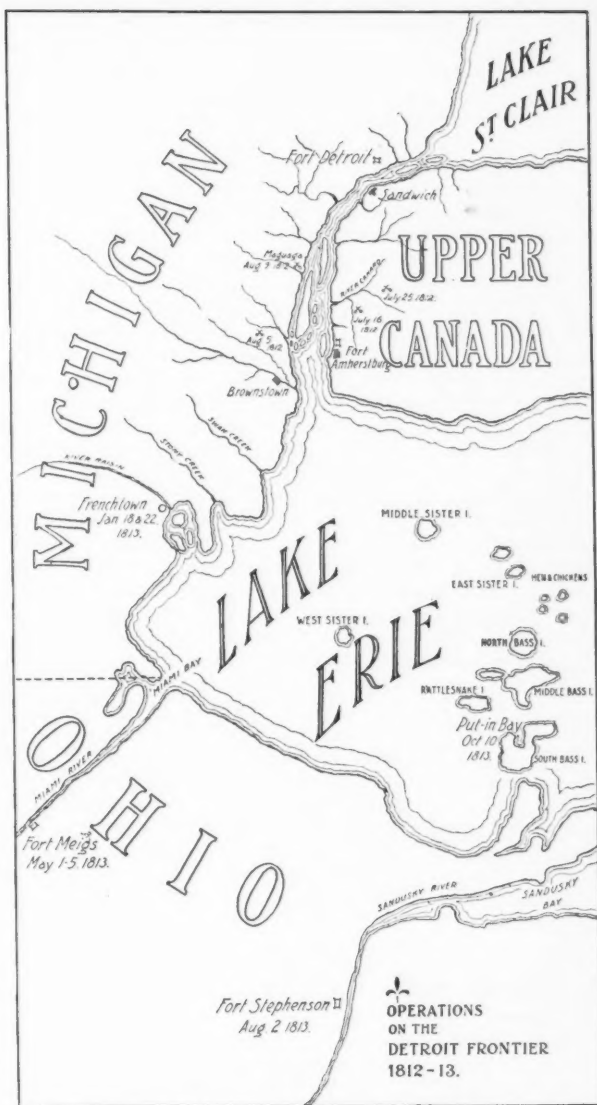
Colonel Duncan McArthur, of the 1st Ohio Reg't, had been despatched up the Thames by General Hull to collect supplies, the day after Canada was invaded. He advanced as far as Moraviantown and commenced that career of plunder and rapine which gave him so evil a reputation during the war. The stores and dwellings of the inhabitants were robbed by these marauders, and about two hundred barrels of flour brought away in boats, in addition to a vast quantity of other spoil. McArthur returned from his foray on the seventeenth, and on the two following days was engaged in skirmishing with the Indians near the Aux Canards. He had then three or four hundred men with him and a couple of six-pounders, but his advance against the bridge was checked by two pieces of artillery which the British had upon it, and he was forced to retreat. The invaders marched back to camp in very bad humour with themselves and their general. Two privates of the 41st Regt., who formed a small lookout party, were wounded and taken prisoners, but whether the Americans suffered any loss has not been ascertained.

McArthur, during the temporary absence of General Hull at Detroit, was left in command of the invading army

and he made up his mind to take Malden on his own account and thereby win immortal renown. To effect this, however, it was necessary to get past the obstinate defenders of the Aux Canards bridge, and, as a direct attack seemed certain to fail, he resolved to get round them. A party of scouts under Capt. McCullough was sent to look for a practicable passage for artillery above the bridge, but returned unsuccessful, and brought a report of a band of Indians having been seen between the Aux Canards and Turkey Creek. Major Denny, with one hundred and twenty militia of the 1st Ohio Regt., was sent out to drive them away on the morning of the 25th, but failed most lamentably in his enterprise. His detachment fell into an ambuscade formed by twenty-two Indians and fled in great confusion with a loss of six killed and two wounded. The militia threw away their arms, accoutrements and haversacks, and were pursued for about three miles until they met with reinforcements. They then returned to camp thinking that war was not quite so much of a holi-

day amusement as they had imagined. The army had been a fortnight in Canada and all there was to be shown for it was one Indian scalp.

Immediately after the tidings of the invasion of Canada reached General



OPERATIONS ON THE DETROIT FRONTIER

Brock, that vigilant and active leader sent Captain Chambers, of the 41st Regt., with a small detachment to the Thames for the purpose of gathering the Militia and Indians in that district and advancing down the river towards Detroit. This officer experienced difficulties which delayed his advance and rendered it necessary for the General to send Colonel Proctor to take command on the Detroit frontier. He arrived at Malden a few days after Major Denny's repulse, and during the first week in August was reinforced by sixty men of the 41st Regt. The new commander soon made his presence known to the Americans in a very unpleasant manner. As the British had the command of Lake Erie and the river opposite Amherstburg, the only line of communication the Americans had with Ohio was by a road which passed along the west bank of the Detroit River through Brownstown to the River Raisin. This communication Proctor immediately cut with his Indians, leaving the American army at Sandwich in a state of complete isolation, with the certainty of being compelled to surrender if its communications could not be restored. At this time General Hull received information that Captain Henry Brush, with two hundred and thirty Ohio Volunteers, one hundred beef cattle and other supplies for the army and a mail, was at the River Raisin waiting for an escort to enable him to reach Detroit. A detachment of two hundred men was accordingly sent under Major Vanhorne to escort Brush to the camp. They had a mail with them also which was destined for Ohio, and took their departure from Detroit in high spirits on the 4th August. On the following day this body of troops, while approaching Brownstown, fell into an ambush of seventy Indians under Tecumseh and was compelled to retreat in great disorder, being pursued for several miles by the latter. The mail was lost and seventeen of the Americans, among whom were seven officers, were killed and eight wounded, all of whom were left behind. It was on this

occasion that the redoubtable Captain McCullough lost his scalp. The whole glory of this affair belongs to the Indians, who alone were engaged and who lost only one man killed. A perusal of the contents of the mail revealed the demoralized and mutinous condition of the American army and hastened the catastrophe which was approaching.

The defeat at Brownstown brought to a sudden end those dreams of a speedy triumph in which the American general had been indulging. The question was not whether his army could occupy Malden but whether it could maintain itself at Sandwich. General Hull concluded that it could not, and on the evening of the 7th August the order was given for the army to re-cross the river at Detroit, and this order was executed in the course of the night and following morning. The only American troops left on the soil of Canada were 200 men under Major Denny, who occupied a house belonging to one Gowris, which had been stockaded, and some adjoining buildings. This post was called Fort Gowris, but its occupation was simply a sham for the purpose of deceiving the soldiers and inducing them to believe that they still had a foothold in Canada, for Hull well knew that it could not be held. Thus had this formidable American army of invasion been driven from the soil of Canada without a single British soldier or Canadian militiaman being slain, or the exercise of any greater amount of pressure on the enemy than was involved in the placing of a few Indians across the line of General Hull's communications with Ohio. The forced evacuation of Canada was a terrible humiliation, not only to the army, but to the whole American people. The general that had "come prepared for every contingency," and the force which was to "look down all opposition," had been compelled to retire after a very disgraceful fashion. The few French Canadians who, awed by the dreadful threats or seduced by the mighty promises of Hull, had placed

themselves under his protection, now found themselves abandoned and left to the vengeance of the authorities whom they had deserted. The loyal men who had taken the field at their country's call saw in Hull's retreat the best proof that their patriotic conduct had been wise as well as honourable. The conduct of Hull's army, while encamped in Canada, had been such that no credence could afterwards be given to the promises of any other general of the same nation. The Canadians who trusted Hull, instead of being protected in their "persons, property and rights," as he, in the name of his country and by the authority of his Government, had solemnly promised they would be, had been systematically plundered and insulted by the mutinous host which he commanded. This poor old man, who, after all, was very much to be pitied, could, in fact, hardly protect himself from the Ohio rabble which called itself an army, but which had neither courage nor discipline nor any other single quality that an army should possess.

As the necessity for re-opening his communications with Ohio and escorting Brush to Detroit had become urgent, Colonel James Miller, of the 4th U.S. infantry, was sent out on the 8th of August with a strong detachment to effect that object. This force, which numbered six hundred men, embraced Miller's own regiment of regulars, part of the 1st U.S. Regiment, a few volunteers and a body of cavalry and artillery with two guns. Before Miller set out he harangued his troops and informed them that they were going to meet the enemy and to beat them. For the purpose of stimulating their courage he added: "You shall not disgrace yourselves nor me. Every man who shall leave the ranks or fall back without orders will be instantly put to death. I charge the officers to execute this order." On the afternoon of the following day Miller's force was approaching Maguaga, fourteen miles below Detroit, when the British were encountered. The detachment which thus undertook to bar the way of the Ameri-

cans, was under Captain Muir of the 41st Regt., and consisted of 75 men of that regiment, 60 militia, 125 Indians under Tecumseh and 70 Lake Indians under Caldwell. The Lake Indians, who were to the right of the British, fled after a few volleys had been exchanged, so that the latter to avoid being outflanked by an overwhelming force, were obliged to retire about half-a-mile and take a fresh position. The Indians under Tecumseh maintained an obstinate conflict with Miller's troops and suffered considerable loss. The Americans, however, did not attempt to approach the British in their new position, and Miller, thinking himself too weak to break through their line, sent back to Detroit for reinforcements. He was joined next day by Col. McArthur with 100 men who had come down in boats, in which the wounded, who were numerous, were to be taken back. These boats on their return were captured by the boats of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Hunter*, under Lieutenant Rolette, the same energetic officer who took the schooner with Hull's baggage. No forward movement was made by the Americans that day and in the afternoon they started to march back to Detroit, a weary and dispirited body of men, thoroughly disgusted with themselves, their general, and with the campaign. Even Miller's threats of the bayonet had failed to drive the heroes of Tippecanoe against their enemies.

The American loss in the so-called battle of Maguaga was eighteen killed and fifty-seven wounded, if their own official accounts are to be relied on. The British loss three killed and twelve wounded, one of them, Lieut. Sutherland, of the 41st, mortally. Capt. Muir was also wounded. The affair was a most humiliating repulse for the Americans, for nearly all the regulars they had on the frontier were engaged in it, and if they, with their cavalry and artillery, could not drive away a few British, Canadians and Indians what could be expected of the militia alone? After this severe shock to na-

tional pride, the pretence of occupying any part of Canadian territory seemed to be quite unnecessary, therefore Fort Gowris, at Sandwich, was evacuated by Major Denny on the 11th of August, and he and his men crossed over to Detroit. It was quite in keeping with the vandal-like character of the invasion that, before leaving the soil of Canada, Denny should have ordered the destruction of the house of Gowris, which had given him shelter, and thereby proved that it was not necessary to go to an Indian camp to find men who disregarded the rules of civilized warfare.

While these events were occurring on the Detroit frontier, General Brock, now relieved of his Legislative duties, was hastening forward reinforcements. The spirit in which he had been met by the people of Canada filled him with pride and hope, and his own exertions were commensurate with the difficulties he had to face. The militia of the Province, imitating the example of those of the county of York, had volunteered to a man to serve in any part of Western Canada. John Macdonell, the attorney-general, with a zeal worthy of all honour, took service on the general's staff as provincial aide-de-camp, and his conduct was but a type of that of the influential men of the Province generally. To equip the militia for the field without money, supplies of food, clothing, shoes, or even arms, would have been absolutely impossible but for the spirit displayed by these gentlemen who stood by him in that trying hour. One company of private individuals, "The Niagara and Queenston Association," supplied him with several thousands of pounds sterling in bank notes, and with this he was placed in a position to equip his militia forces. Boats were gathered at Long Point on Lake Erie, sufficient for the conveyance of three hundred men, and there with 40 men of the 41st Regt., and 260 militia of the county of Norfolk, he embarked on the 8th August. On the 13th he reached Amherstburg, after a rough passage, without any accident. Al-

though it was nearly midnight when he arrived, he had an interview the same evening with Tecumseh, who was brought over from his encampment on Bois Blanc Island to meet him, and arrangements were made then for a council to be held the following day. This was attended by nearly 1,000 Indians and was so satisfactory in every way that General Brock resolved upon such operations as would compel the enemy to fight in the open field or surrender.

The same day that Major Denny evacuated Sandwich the ground he left was occupied by a British detachment, and the erection of batteries was commenced under the direction of Capt. Dixon of the Royal Engineers. The work was prosecuted with such diligence that on the 15th, five guns were in position, all of which commanded the fort at Detroit. At noon that day Lieut.-Col. Macdonell and Captain Glegg were sent by General Brock to Hull, under a flag of truce, to demand the immediate surrender of Detroit. Hull returned a bold answer stating that he was ready to meet any force the British might send against him, and refusing to comply with the demand. The same afternoon the British guns, which comprised one 18-pounder, two 12-pounders, and two 5½ inch mortars, opened on Detroit with shot and shell, and were replied to by seven 24-pounders from the other side of the river which, however, failed to do the British batteries the slightest injury, although the cannonade continued for several hours. During the night Tecumseh with Colonel Elliot, Capt. McKee and 600 Indians landed on the American shore two miles below Spring Wells, and five from Detroit. There they remained in concealment until the following morning, when General Brock and his white troops crossed over at Spring Wells.

The landing of the British was effected a little after daylight, the Americans offering no opposition whatever. As soon as they began to cross, the Indians moved forward and took up a position in the woods, about a

mile and a half distant, on the British left. Brock's force consisted of 30 men of the Royal Artillery, 250 of the 41st Regt., 50 of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, and 400 Canadian Militia, making with the Indians a grand total of 1,330. He had with him three six-pounders, and two three-pounders, under the command of Lieutenant Troughton. General Brock's idea in crossing at that time was to advance towards the fort, take up a strong position, and, by his menacing attitude, compel the Americans to meet his force in the field. But on landing he was informed that Colonel McArthur had left the garrison two days before, and that his cavalry had been seen that morning three miles distant in the rear of the British. This decided Brock to make an immediate attack on the fort. The cause of McArthur's absence was the old trouble with regard to Brush, who still halted at the River Raisin. On the evening of the 14th Col. McArthur and Cass had set out with 350 men for the Raisin, taking a circuitous route towards the head waters of the Huron in order to avoid the Indians. The next afternoon, while entangled in a swamp and unable to proceed farther, they were summoned back to Detroit by a courier from General Hull, and were wearily making their way through the woods towards it, when seen by Brock's scouts.

Brock now advanced with his gallant little army towards the fort, his left flank being guarded by the Indians, as already stated, and his right resting on the river which was commanded by



DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS
OFFICER OF LIGHT INFANTRY COMPANY, 41ST REGIMENT—
WITH BROCK AT CAPTURE OF DETROIT

the guns of the *Queen Charlotte*. The cannon of the British batteries at Sandwich began firing vigorously and with fatal results to the American garrison. One shot which fell amongst a group standing at the door of one of the officers' quarters, killed three officers, one of them Lieut. Hanks,

the late commandant at Mackinac, and wounded others. Two or three succeeding shots proved almost equally destructive, and it was evident that the Sandwich batteries had got the range only too well. An extreme state of demoralization prevailed within the fort in which there were many women, and other non-combatants in a terrified condition. The place was crowded

truce. He bore proposals for a cessation of hostilities with a view to an immediate capitulation, and General Brock sent Lieut.-Col. Macdonell and Capt. Glegg to the American general to arrange the terms, which were speedily agreed upon and signed. At noon the same day, a beautiful Sabbath morning, while the people of the United States were praying in their

churches for the success of their unholy invasion of Canada, the American standard was lowered and the British flag raised over Fort Detroit. All the troops under the command of General Hull, numbering 2,500 men, became prisoners of war, and all the armament and stores of the army passed into the hands of the British. The troops surrendered comprised the 4th Regt. of U.S. Infantry and detachments of the 1st and 3rd Regts., two troops of cavalry, one company of Artillery Engineers; three regiments of Ohio militia volunteers, and one regiment of Michigan militia. All the detached forces, including those of McArthur and Brush, were embraced in the capitulation. The militia were permitted to return to their homes on condition of not serving again during the war, unless exchanged. Thirty-nine pieces of cannon were surrendered, eleven



GENERAL WILLIAM HULL

FROM "RICHARDSON'S WAR OF 1812," BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS

with troops, and yet they were utterly helpless against the cannon balls which were dealing death and destruction around them.

At this time when General Brock, now within a few hundreds yards of the fort, was preparing to deliver an assault, a white flag was displayed from its walls, and General Hull's aide-de-camp was seen emerging from the American stronghold with a flag of

2,500 stand-at-arms, 40 barrels of gunpowder, 400 rounds of 24-pound shot, 1,000 cartridges and a vast quantity and variety of military stores. The armed brig *Adams* also became a prize; she was re-named the *Detroit*.

Thus ended in disaster and disgrace the first attempt to invade Canada. Undertaken in the wantonness of imagined power, for the subjection of a friendly people and the destruction of



AMHERSTBURG ON THE DETROIT RIVER—FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY MAJOR WOOLFORD, A BRITISH OFFICER, WHO VISITED IT ABOUT 1822—
BY PERMISSION OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY



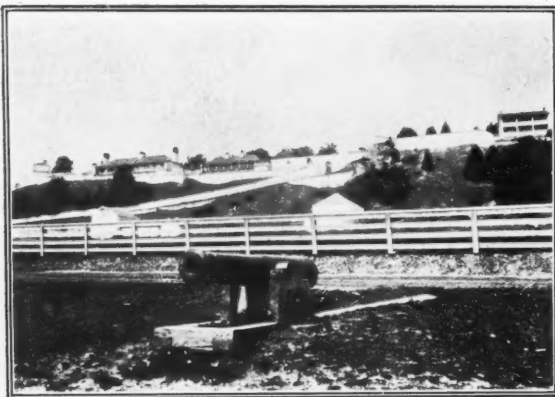
MACKINAC TO-DAY—FROM THE FORT

institutions which they cherished, it was doomed to failure from the outset, because it was entered upon without knowledge, discipline or skill, or even that ordinary courage which every soldier is supposed to possess.

The detachment of Brush with its convoy of cattle and provisions for the army had been included in the capitulation at the express request of Hull, as otherwise it would have been liable to be cut off and destroyed by the Indians, now relieved of any apprehensions in regard to Detroit. Captain Elliott and two companions were sent,

the public property at the Raisin and driving the cattle before him, he started with his whole command for Ohio, leaving orders for Elliott to be released next day. This sample of Yankee "smartness" showed that the instincts of this Ohio officer, instead of being such as one would expect to find in the breast of an officer and a gentleman, were those of a thief, for the public property and arms thus carried off had been surrendered and belonged to the British Government. In view of this piece of Ohio rascality it would have been quite proper for

General Brock to have refused to permit the Ohio volunteers, who had become prisoners of war, to return home on parole, as was provided in the capitulation, but he took no such step in reprisal. No doubt he thought it well to leave a monopoly of convention breaking to the people whose Congress broke the convention of Saratoga, in 1777, and who, instead of sending Burgoyne's army home to England, as

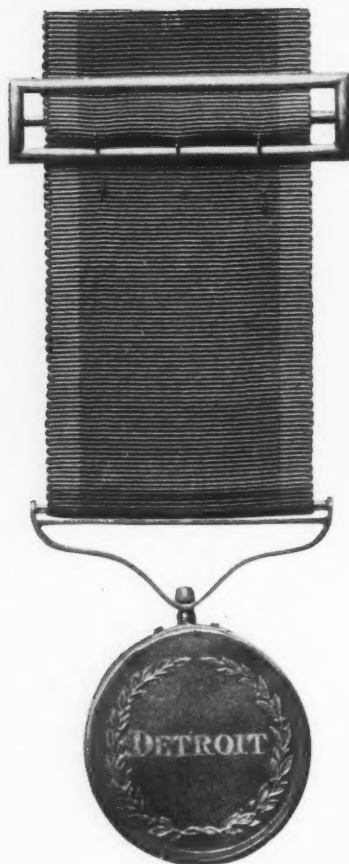


MACKINAC TO-DAY—THE FORT

on the day after the surrender, to the River Raisin with a flag of truce and a copy of the articles of capitulation, to receive the surrender of Brush and his command. Brush had already received a note from McArthur enclosing a letter from Hull notifying him of the capitulation, yet he pretended to doubt the genuineness of Elliott's communication and put him in confinement. Then, hastily packing up



FORT COLLIER, BUILT ON PECKMON ISLAND AFTER MACKINAC WAS RESTORED TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1815—BY THE CARELESSNESS OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY THIS ISLAND WAS GIVEN TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONVENTION OF UTICA IN 1824, AND EVACUATED BY THE BRITISH ON NOV. 4TH, 1828. LORD DALHOUSIE, WHO VISITED IT IN 1821, SAID ITS HARBOUR WAS IMPORTANT. SEE CAN. ARCH. 9157-2, P. 407



GOLD MEDAL AWARDED TO LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MACDONELL TO COMMEMORATE THE CAPTURE OF DETROIT—NOW IN POSSESSION OF J. A. MACDONELL, K.C., ALEXANDRIA—FROM "RICHARDSON'S WAR OF 1812." BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS

had been solemnly promised, kept them prisoners for several years at Charlottesville, Virginia, in order that Thomas Jefferson and other patriots might be enriched by the sale of produce from their plantations for their sustenance. The militia and volunteers were, therefore, permitted to return home, as had been stipulated, but the regulars were sent to Montreal and afterwards to Quebec.

The entrance of General Hull and his

command into the former city was made the occasion of a notable demonstration, every one being anxious to see this ruthless relic of the revolution, who had so suddenly descended from the position of an exterminating invader to that of an humble captive. It was remarked, at the time, and should be remembered now, that the Indians, whom Hull had execrated, had been more merciful to his men than he would have been to the peaceful people of Canada, for, in the procession of prisoners, there were captives who had been taken by the Indians and treated well, and there were wounded men at Detroit to whom the Indians had given quarter at Brownstown. The most diligent American historian has failed to unearth a single case of "Indian atrocity" connected with Brock's campaign and the surrender of Hull in the Northwest.

The surrender of Hull was a dreadful blow to the pride of the American people, and most damaging to the prestige of their Government. It became necessary for them to find a victim to appease the popular wrath and



TECUMSEH, WHO COMMANDED THE INDIANS WITH BROCK ON THE OCCASION OF THE CAPTURE OF DETROIT IN 1812

a convenient one was found in the general himself, who assumed all the responsibility of the affair. Lewis Cass prepared the public mind to look calmly on while Hull was being sacrificed, by publishing a communication addressed to the Government in which the patriotism and bravery of the army and the incompetency of the general were drawn with a strong hand. Hull was afterwards tried by a court-martial, presided over by General



BLOCK HOUSE, BUILT IN 1812, OPPOSITE AMHERSTBURG, ON
BOIS BLANC ISLAND

Dearborn, his enemy, found guilty of cowardice and unofficer-like conduct and sentenced to be shot. President Madison approved the sentence, but remitted the punishment. This was in April, 1814, and four months later President Madison was showing the whole world the quality of his own metal by running away from Bladensburg, almost before a shot had been fired on that memorable field. Hull was no doubt a weak and incompetent man, but had he been otherwise he would have been out of harmony with the army he commanded, the volunteer portion of which was nothing but

a mutinous mob, without discipline or regard for their leaders, as their daily conduct showed, and without courage, as was proved by their running away from every field on which they were engaged. It did not lie in the power of generalship to make these men fit to encounter the disciplined British or the patriotic Canadians in the field, and, therefore, Hull was unjustly condemned. The persons on whom the vengeance of the American people should have fallen were Mr. Madison and the members of his Cabinet, who ordered the invasion of Canada by such a force.

TO BE CONTINUED

DR. BELL'S FLYING MACHINE

By Thomas Johnson

IS aerial navigation possible? Dr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, whose word should have some weight, says it is. Whether he will be able to confirm his assertion by public demonstration is a matter for

future years to decide, but that he is making a strenuous effort to solve the difficult problem is evident to any one who has had the good fortune to gain access to his laboratory. The summer residence of the noted inventor is situ-

ated on a neck of land running into the beautiful Bras d'Or Lake, about seven miles from the pretty village of Baddeck, in Nova Scotia.

If the Doctor seeks seclusion he has certainly found it here among the hills of Cape Breton Island and out of the beaten track of the ordinary tourist or traveller. Here he can experiment to his heart's content without fear of disturbance from the inquisitive public, and here for a number of years he has been quietly experimenting, and the goal to which he is looking forward is the construction of a navigable flying machine.

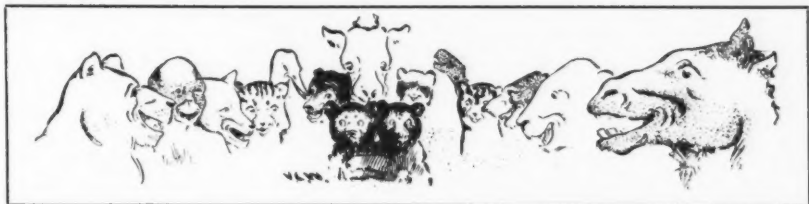
On his grounds, distant about a mile away from the house, two large laboratories have been constructed, and the impression one has, on first entering them, is one of confusion. Kites and combinations of kites in all shapes and sizes are superabundant. These delicately constructed flying instruments are in evidence everywhere, on the walls, on the ceiling, under the working tables and on the floor. That the workmen have room to move about in such an enclosed space, without bringing down upon themselves the whole kite structure, is a matter of wonder. In a corner of one of the laboratories lies a small and peculiarly shaped gasolene engine, which, judging from its damaged condition, has evidently come to grief in one of the Doctor's frequent kite-flying experiments. Working models of flying machines, in different stages of construction, occupy the tables and shelves, and air-current diagrams hang on those portions of the walls not covered with kite models. It is these air-current maps and flying-machine models that force the observer to the conclusion that he has not entered a toy kite manufactory, but that through all this mass of complicated matter a

scientific mind is slowly and laboriously forcing its way to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation.

Doctor Bell's theory of a flying-machine differs from other aeronauts, inasmuch as he claims that the kite-principle is the only one by which the air can be successfully navigated, and it is along this line that he has been conducting his experiments. Almost any fine afternoon during the summer the inventor can be seen testing his kites near the laboratory grounds. It was, doubtless, the appearance of one of these kite combinations, constructed in cylindrical shape (about 10 feet in length and 5 feet in diameter at the centre) flying in the air and apparently rising and falling at the will of the operator, that gave rise to the rumour that Dr. Bell had at last completed his flying-machine. This, however, is not the case. The Doctor's plans are very little advanced beyond the initiatory stages. The great problem of devising an engine light enough to be sustained in the air by these kites and strong enough to propel them through the atmosphere in all conditions of weather, is yet to be solved, and it is understood that three, and, perhaps, four years more will elapse before the result of these experiments is given to the public.

If Dr. Graham Bell successfully demonstrates the practicability of aerial navigation the announcement will be somewhat dramatic, inasmuch as it will be comparatively unexpected. The Doctor has never talked for publication, as he prefers to work quietly and without being observed. If, on the other hand, nothing should come of his work the public will never know, officially, at least, that a great scientist had undertaken a task which proved too difficult for his powers of invention.





A VISIT TO THE TORONTO ZOO

By W. T. Allison

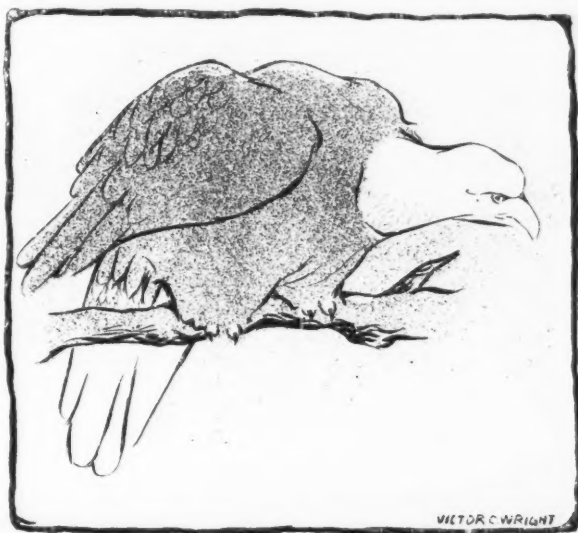
ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICTOR WRIGHT

First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black;
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back.

EVERYONE who has read Thackeray's impressions of his visit to the Zoo will remember the order in which he describes the animals. No two zoos arrange their animals in the same way. In the very large zoos the animals are all housed in streets of cages. In the London Zoo, for instance, the visitor passes down Bear street, crosses over into Wolf avenue, and then saunters down Ostrich row. They have not attained to this aristocratic plenitude in the Toronto Zoo, and consequently the spectator sees a new variety at every step. There are over 250 living things in the Riverdale Park, since the idea of a city zoo won favour with the Council, and these birds and beasts are arranged in a happy-go-lucky fashion which wards off monotony. But the Riverdale fav-

ourites are lodged in most comfortable quarters. Passing through the charming park with its pleasant shade trees and great beds of flowering shrubs, the visitor walks beneath a large palm tree, into the close proximity of creatures which are assembled from the burning tropics, the Siberian snows, Arabian deserts, and the gorgeous East.

First, we come to the lion house, a magnificent brick building, with a

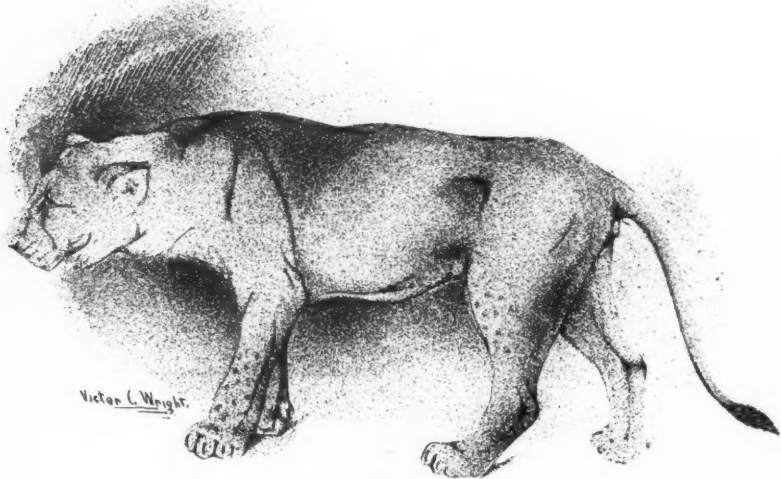


THE KING OF BIRDS

caged verandah, on which a lion and his gentle partner, Nero and Venus, parade all day long, stopping long enough to feed or enjoy a brief siesta. The upstairs of their house is nicely furnished, and has windows. The lions are in splendid condition, and are apparently happy in their new Toronto home. Quite properly the disposer of the animals placed the king of birds next to the king of beasts, and three or four gray and golden eagles occupy a lot roofed over by strong wire. Then come the foxes and prairie

while the camels browse around in the front yard.

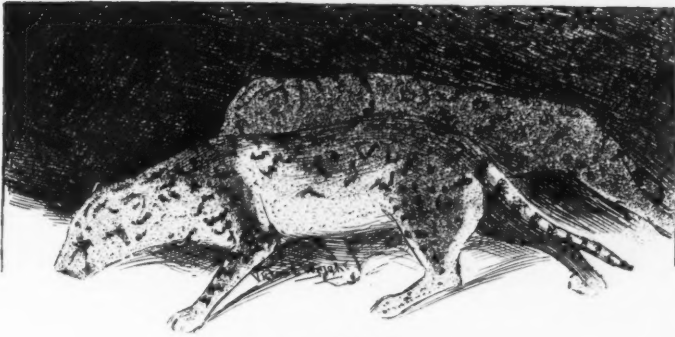
The Siberian camel and the African dromedary are new arrivals at the zoo. If the expression is permissible, the camels are being lionized by the public just now. Every visitor stands at eager gaze as the camels walk back and forth carefully lifting their padded, two-toed feet over the pigeons which impudently strut beneath them, and craning their limber necks to catch a far-off view of the pleasant river Don, along whose banks they are wont to



VENUS—A BEAUTIFUL LIONESS

dogs and the grey ocelot. A family of raccoons live next door, and any afternoon they may be seen sleeping in their tree, some caught in a cleft and using it as a cradle; others sound asleep with a leg over a branch, like a man who throws one leg over his arm-chair while taking an after-dinner nap. A pair of grey wolves occupy the next cage to their friends and cousins the raccoons. But the gray wolves, the raccoons, and the ocelot who sleeps in the corner of his cage with his nose in the sawdust, receive but few glances from the children or their parents,

stray on particular days. One camel is beautiful as camels go, the other is decidedly unprepossessing in appearance. The cheery, complacent ship of the desert is the Siberian camel. His colour is a creamy gray, diversified here and there by bunches of curly black hair. His curved neck is a thing of beauty, its soft hue suggesting moonlight on the arid sands. This camel often smiles as he rubs his left hind leg against the wire fence and ruminates on the good times his fathers had as they travelled the caravan route between China and Russia, laden with



GREY OCELOTS

silks, spices and teas for Muscovy. The corded bales weighed twelve hundred pounds, but the Siberian camel cared nothing for this burden, and walked his forty miles a day to the encouraging incitements of his Chinese driver. The refined, pale gray countenance of the tall, stately Siberian camel forms a striking contrast to the wizened, ascetic face of the dromedary. The dromedary hails from Arabia, and is of a cinnamon-brown colour, and looks as if he wore a buffalo robe. He is an ugly brute, and seems to be a pessimist, but he ought to be proud of himself, for he can travel one hundred miles a day across the burning sands of Araby, carrying his master on his hardy hump. The dromedary is one of the most famous of all the friends of man. From the time of the Hebrew patriarchs he has been the pride of the

black tents of the East. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob petted him, and the Arabian sheikh of to-day values him far beyond rubies and fine gold. On first viewing the camels many people are inclined to think they are starved. A camel, however, never grows fat. If he has any nutriment to spare he packs it away in his hump. The camel



CAMELS AND KEEPER



is a firm believer in concentrated food, in condensed fodder. A full hump will supply meals for a fasting camel for a whole week. The keeper of animals at the zoo lets the eastern potentates roam as much as possible, for it is their nature so to do. Camels are strange beasts, and have a queer taste in the matter of food, preferring thistles and the prickly cactus to smooth and luscious grasses.

But the visitor cannot always stand and look at the camels. He hurries on and pays his respects to the black bears, mother and father and twins, all of them meandering around their cage restless, longing for the wild woods. Brilliant peacocks and peafowl are next in order, and then more bears, the sun bears of Borneo, who are very fond of chewing up wooden objects. Then come the prairie wolves and the Canada lynx, who loves to go to sleep lying out along a limb straddle fashion.

The lynx does not sleep overmuch, however. He is always on the lookout for an adventure. One day he discovered a weak place in his cage, and after impatiently awaiting the coming of night he made good his escape and

entered upon a festal escapade, the memory of which still cheers him on gloomy winter days, when visitors are few and dullness falls upon his eager spirit. During the night of his joyous escape from prison-bars the lynx captured seven of the costly wild fowl in the neighbourhood of his quarters and managed to masticate the most toothsome portions of the birds. In the morning the keepers made diligent search for the missing one, and found him at last beneath the bears' cage. On being invited he refused to issue forth, and the irate keepers were forced to nail up all the openings save one, and against this exit they placed a "shifting box." The lynx was persuaded to enter the improvised moving van by the full

stream of a hose, which a keeper remorselessly played upon him until he re-entered captivity.

The Toronto Zoo is set upon the slope of a hill overlooking the Don,



PETER THE GREAT—A SIBERIAN BEAR

and on the side of this hill, facing the south-east, lives the white polar bear and the brown bear, both animals dwelling in massive cages built into the hill.

The polar bear is in good condition, having increased greatly in size since he arrived in Toronto. He enjoys a plunge every morning in his concrete bath-tub, between the hours of ten and eleven. A crowd is always present to see him



Be very careful with
our picture

good-natured as his stalwart neighbour, the Siberian bear, Peter the Great. Peter attracts the public by his exhibitions, "dancing it feately here



SUNBEARS FROM BORNEO

take his plunge in the pellucid water of Lake Ontario. After his bath the northern iceberg lover paces his cage, swinging his head from side to side like a pendulum. "Nansen," the name to which the big white bear answers, originally haunted the ice-floes near Spitzbergen. He was the last of four cubs captured by the crew of a whaling vessel two years ago.

Although the polar bear wears a serene air he is not nearly so



A HUGE LYNX



NANSEN—A POLAR BEAR

and there" and performing a two-step in a very creditable style. This affable brown monster took lessons from a Russian dancing-master in 1897, and travelled extensively on the continent and in England as a public enter-

tain. Peter the Great is probably the best specimen of his race now in captivity. He weighs 700 pounds, and as he has not yet reached maturity, he is expected to double his weight if his present state of good health continues. Immediately above the cages of the bears and midway on the slope is the monkey house, the great attraction at the zoo for the juveniles of Toronto. The house in which the funny little cousins of man are at home is a circular structure containing some ten or eleven cages, with a brick retiring room in the centre. The monkeys come out in the open from a little window, and they are always going in and coming out, for they lead a strenuous life. To stand in front of the Bengal monkey cage is as good as witnessing a trapeze performance. A piece of rubber hose tied to the ceiling of the

cage serves as a handle on which the actors perform. They spring from their tree to this hose-rope with the most astonishing agility. They pull one another down and play tricks all day long, wrestling and boxing and making grimaces. There is



PHEASANTS

something irresistibly fascinating about all the monkey tribe. A boy looking at the antics of the Bengal monkeys the other day, suddenly saw the comical face of one of the elders poked through the little brick window, and the young spectator nudged another boy excitedly, and cried, "Look, there's another man coming out!"

And that is the idea that strikes every spectator, the great similarity of the monkeys to human beings, and this lends an interest and a drollness to every grimace and every caper in the monkey-house at the zoo.

The pheasant house is the last stopping place on the tour of the zoo. It is a splendid building, and the birds within are the admiration of every visitor to the zoo, the hues and markings of the rare and gorgeous birds forming a chromatic study for all lovers of the beautiful.

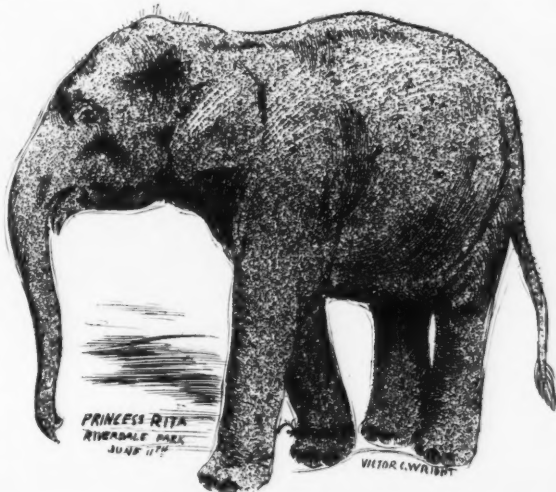
There are several deer belonging to the zoo, also a pair of moose, but the latter are to be seen only on Saturdays. It is very difficult to keep moose in good condition while they are in captivity, as they are accustomed when at home in the west to feed on waterous plants in the summer months, and in winter they browse on ground spruce. In order to give them as succulent a diet as possible in the summer time, the keeper of the zoo takes the moose up to the ravine near the Swiss Cottage Hospital, where they thrive on the tender herbage. On Saturdays they are brought down to the zoo to exhibit themselves to the crowds



who visit Riverdale Park on that day.

It is interesting to consider the modest beginnings from which this efficient and well-stocked zoo has sprung.

In 1889 two Canadian deer were procured. Then it was considered advisable to obtain a few more Canadian animals to keep the deer from getting lonely. It was the original idea to have none but our own home-grown animals in Riverdale Park. Ald. Lamb, who has taken a very active interest in the zoo from the outset, wrote to all the Indian agents in the west, and also to the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, asking them to buy wild animals from the Indians, and offered a fair price for all captives





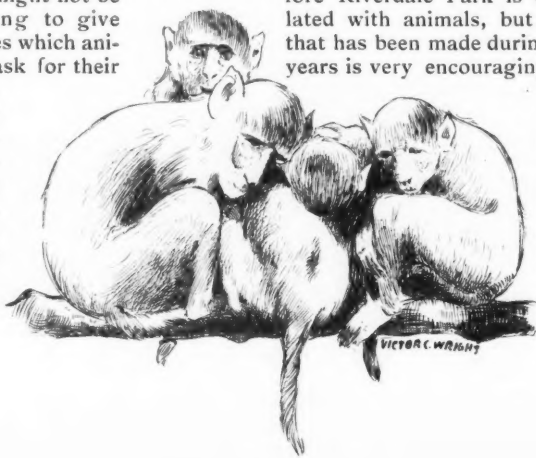
Riverdale Park
Looking East
1891-1901

forwarded to Toronto. He received encouraging letters in reply, and began to imagine he would be swamped with the supply of animals that would be sent to him. But strange to relate, not an Indian forwarded an animal. Our Canadian Indians have always been accustomed to killing animals for food, but have not been taught how to catch them alive. A few white settlers sent on some elk and wolves, however, and these formed the nucleus of the present zoo.

Then various animal dealers began to send in price lists and offered to stock the zoo within thirty days. And just here it might not be uninteresting to give average prices which animal dealers ask for their stock, in order to show what an expensive luxury a good zoo becomes. A five-year-old Barbary

lion costs \$1,500, a pair of Nubian lions \$750, a female Bengal tiger \$750. For the hay-eating class of animals some large prices are asked. For a hippopotamus \$3,000, for a female Indian elephant \$1,500, for a pair of zebras \$1,750, for a Siberian camel \$300, for a blue gnou \$900, for a pair of kangaroos \$65. Monkeys come cheaper. Baboons can be had for \$20 each, and small cage monkeys sell at about the same price. An African ostrich is worth \$20; white pea-fowl sell at \$100 a pair, and a python snake is ticketed at \$400.

It will probably be some years before Riverdale Park is densely populated with animals, but the progress that has been made during the last two years is very encouraging, and in the next decade our zoological collection ought to be one of the finest in North America.



RAILWAY TAXATION

By H. J. Pettypiece, M.P.P.

THE question of Railway Taxation has, until very recently, received but little attention in Canada, although for some years it has been a live question in most of the American states, where the world's greatest progress in railway building has been made, and in Great Britain the taxation of railway earnings has been for nearly a quarter of a century one of the means of raising the national revenue.

That railways and other transportation facilities should be taxed at all has been questioned by some people; the argument generally used against their taxation being that the burden will, in the end, be shifted on to the shoulders of those who contribute to the earnings of the transportation companies. This argument, if carried to its logical conclusion, means that manufacturing establishments, wholesale houses, printing houses, or any other industry producing commodities to be consumed by others, should not be made to pay taxes, because the taxation charges might be added to the price of the goods. But it is only where the manufacturer or carrier has unrestricted right and power to fix the price of the article he sells or carries that he can add taxes or other costs to such price. It is a universal law of trade that every person obtains as high a price as he legitimately and profitably can for what he has to sell, and takes advantage of any favourable circumstance, such as removal of competition, to increase the price when he finds it profitable to do so, whether the cost of production or transportation has been increased or not. Accepting this as the rule, there is no reason in the argument that railways should not be taxed because they might shift the burden to their patrons.

Transportation rates are not fixed in accordance with the cost of moving commodities from one place to another, the custom being rather to make

each charge as high as possible. Only three restraints are observed, viz., statutory limits, force of competition, and amount of charge that will make it unprofitable to the owner of the commodity to move it. A glance at any of the through and local rates of any of the great transportation companies will verify this statement. Any objection to taxing the railways at the rate that other property is taxed on the ground that the charge would be passed over to the customers can be dismissed, although in some few cases a portion of such increased taxes might be so shifted. Even should the railways show a disposition to thus shift the burden, the people have a remedy in their power to pass laws regulating rates, as is done in other countries.

H. T. Newcomb, in his excellent book "Railway Economics," devotes a chapter to the taxation phase, in which he says: "It may be remarked that such a tax, by increasing the cost of transportation, must limit the area within which commodities can profitably be marketed." Although this appears to be a fair proposition, it is not borne out by the practice of many of the great transportation corporations, which often carry a given amount of freight across the continent for a smaller charge than is made for carrying the same amount a few hundred miles. No other objections to the taxation of railways than those already cited can be consistently urged. With these objections disposed of, there can be no reason why property in the shape of railway tracks, locomotives and cars, should not be levied on, equally with other property, for the funds necessary to enable the Government to carry on the affairs of the country; but there are reasons, which will be pointed out later, why, if any discrimination is to be made, the railway corporations of Canada, at least, should

bear the heavier portion of the burden.

POWER OF TAXATION.

How they should be assessed and taxed, by the Dominion, Provincial or municipal authorities, is another important phase of the question. The British North America Act provides that the Dominion Parliament may make laws for "the raising of money by any mode or system of taxation." The same Act provides that each Province may exclusively make laws in relation to "direct taxation with the Province in order to the raising of a revenue for Provincial purposes," and also in relation to "municipal institutions in the Province." Under the powers thus conferred the Province of Ontario has delegated to the municipalities the right to assess the railway lands situate in each municipality according to the average value of land in the locality, and has also imposed a Provincial tax of \$5 per mile on railways for Provincial purposes. While the power to tax railways may apparently be exercised by either Federal or Provincial enactments, it has been taken advantage of by the Provinces only, and by them to but a very slight extent. The Province of Ontario collects \$5 per mile, a total of \$33,000, and Manitoba collects a total of \$25,000. The Manitoba law taxes the railways as follows:—In and for the years 1900, 1901 and 1902, two per cent. of the gross earnings; after 1902, such sums as may be determined by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, not exceeding, however, three per cent. of the gross earnings. The financial statements of the other Provinces do not show that any railway taxes are collected by them for Provincial purposes.

In 1901 the Quebec Legislature passed an Act for the "Repayment of Railway Subsidies," which provides that each subsidized railway in the Province shall pay an annual tax of five per cent. of its gross earnings into the Provincial Treasury.

MUNICIPAL RATES.

Municipal taxation is, therefore, almost the sole means of taxing the rail-

ways in this country. As an example of how badly this is done, the case of the Grand Trunk in Ontario will suffice. That company has 2,653 miles of road in Ontario, which pays \$121,359 in municipal taxes and \$13,265 in Provincial taxes; a total of \$134,624, of which \$68,086, or more than one half, is paid in five cities, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Stratford and Windsor. The total rate, therefore, paid by the Grand Trunk in Ontario is \$50.70 per mile.

The above figures in reference to the municipal taxation were submitted by Mr. John Bell, Grand Trunk solicitor, to the Ontario Assessment Commission, when that body was in session in December, 1900. Mr. Bell used these and other figures to show that, in his opinion, the Grand Trunk was bearing a fair share of taxation, and concluded his argument in these words: "For these and many other equally good reasons I confidently ask the members of this Board that in their report to the Government they recommend that there be no change made in the present law regarding the assessment for municipal purposes of the property in this Province of the company I represent, at least in the direction of increasing the amount of taxation to be paid by them."

The statement that the Grand Trunk property in Ontario is "bearing a fair share of taxation" is worth investigating. The Grand Trunk operates 3,473 miles of road in Canada and the States capitalized, according to the last annual report of the company, at the sum of \$315,873,899, or \$91,000 per mile. The 2,653 miles in Ontario, therefore, represent a capital of over \$241,000,000, which bears an assessment of \$6,525,504, or 2¾ per cent. of the capital. The taxes paid, both Provincial and municipal, amount to \$134,624, or 56 cents on every \$1,000 of capital. The farm wealth of Ontario is represented by a capital of nearly \$1,000,000,000, which bears an assessment of \$450,000,000, or 45 per cent., and pays in taxes \$4,621,803, or \$4.62 on every \$1,000 of capital. Therefore \$1,000 worth of Grand Trunk property in Ontario is assessed at \$27.50, and

pays 56 cents in taxes, municipal and Provincial, while \$1,000 worth of farm property is assessed at \$450, and pays \$4.62 in taxes. There are 3,952 miles of railway in Ontario owned by companies other than the Grand Trunk, but many of these companies pay even less taxes than that corporation; therefore if all the railway property in the Province could be included in this calculation, the disparity between the rate of taxes on railway and farm property would be even greater than the above figures indicate. The taxes paid by the Canadian Pacific amount to less than \$20 per mile, and by the thirteen smaller lines in Ontario probably even less, although the exact figures are not readily available. In many townships in Ontario the municipal taxes paid by the railways amount to less than \$2 per mile.

When the Ontario Assessment Commission was obtaining information in 1901 on the general question of taxation, one of the leading authorities in giving evidence made the following statement in regard to the railways:—"At present they practically go untaxed except so far as the buildings which they own in the municipality in which they are situated for the purpose of their business; but so far as all other lands are concerned, which are very valuable pieces of real property, and all assessable as such, I think they are practically untaxed to-day; and it is a subject of complaint by all ratepayers that most of these companies which are earning large dividends and exercising valuable franchises within the municipality practically escape taxation."

Some of the representatives of the steam railway companies, who appeared before the Commission, set up the contention that the railways could not afford to pay any higher taxes than they are now paying. Every individual ratepayer would probably urge the same objection to an increase of his burden of taxation, had he an opportunity to do so, and in most cases could do so with more consistency than could the railway representatives.

Those whose duty it is to enforce the laws for the collection of taxes are not expected to take into consideration the financial ability of the tax-payer. The tax-gatherer is empowered to collect a certain sum, and he collects it without any regard to the hardship that may thereby be imposed upon the tax-payer. Many an individual, crushed under afflictions and financial embarrassments, has been stripped of his remaining worldly possessions in order that the demand of the all-powerful tax-gatherer might be met. When the ability of the tax-payer (according to his own estimate) has to be taken into consideration, the tax-collector will have an interesting problem on his hands.

IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

In view of the extremely low rate of taxation imposed on the railways in this country, it will be of interest to note what is being done elsewhere in controlling and taxing this class of property.

In Russia the State railways are operated for the public benefit, and all rates paid by the people for the carriage of passengers and freight are regarded as so much taxes. This is considered there to be a good mode of taxation, inasmuch as the burden falls on those classes of the population best able to bear it.

In Great Britain there has been imposed, for twenty-five years, a heavy tax on the railways. The amounts collected appear under two headings, viz.: first, Rates and Taxes; second, Government Passenger Duty. For the year 1901 the Rates and Taxes amounted to £3,980,160, and the Passenger Duty to £351,184, a total of £4,331,344. The statistics given below, for all the railways in the United Kingdom, for the years 1891 and 1901, will show that the rate of taxation has increased much more rapidly than either the mileage, capital or earnings:

RAILWAY MILEAGE.

| | |
|-----------|--------|
| 1891..... | 20,191 |
| 1901..... | 22,078 |

CAPITAL INVESTED.

| | |
|------------|---------------|
| 1891 | £ 919,000,000 |
| 1901 | 1,195,000,000 |

GROSS RECEIPTS.

| | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1891 | £ 81,860,607 |
| 1901 | 106,558,815 |

NET RECEIPTS.

| | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1891 | £36,731,624 |
| 1901 | 39,069,076 |

TRAFFIC PER MILE.

| | |
|------------|--------|
| 1891 | £3,881 |
| 1901 | 4,511 |

TAXES COLLECTED.

| | |
|------------|------------|
| 1891 | £2,567,690 |
| 1901 | 4,331,344 |

During the ten years included in the above figures the mileage has increased 10 per cent., capital 30 per cent., gross receipts 30 per cent., net receipts 6 per cent., traffic per mile 16 per cent., and taxes 69 per cent. Reduced to dollars the total taxes of 1901 amount to, in round numbers, \$21,000,000, on a mileage not much greater than that of Canada. It represents a tax of over \$950 per mile, a rate of nearly three and a half mills on the capital, a rate of nearly 4 per cent. on the gross receipts, and a rate of over 11 per cent. on the net earnings.

In France a large revenue is raised by a tax on both passenger and freight earnings, and all railways revert to the Government, without any compensation, on the expiration of their charter.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the United States railway taxation has for many years been a subject of much controversy in the various State Legislatures and in the press with the result that the amount of taxes collected from the railways has been steadily increasing, and that to-day every State and Territory has enactments in force under which large revenues are obtained from this source, the amounts varying, as each State and Territory has separate jurisdiction in the matter.

In 1888, the first year covered by the Interstate Commerce Commission reports, the aggregate net earnings of all the U.S. railways amounted to \$315,626,564, and the total of taxes

collected was \$25,435,229, or 8.06 per cent. In the year 1897 the net earnings had increased to \$369,565,009, and the taxes had increased to \$43,137,844, or 11.67 per cent. This seems to have been the high-water mark, as in 1900 the figures were:—Net earnings, \$525,616,303; taxes, \$48,332,273, or 9.19 per cent.

Notwithstanding the wide range of experience thus obtained, the question is by no means considered as settled. The annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ending June 30th, 1900, says:—

"The aggregate amount paid in taxes by the railways of the United States during the year covered by this report was \$48,332,273. The significance of this amount as a payment from the railways and as a receipt to Federal, State and local governments, as also the interest which centres in the general question of railway taxation, warrants a special study of this general question. As introductory to this study, which will continue from year to year, there is given below a statement showing taxes of railways, classified by States and Territories. Further analysis of this item of expenditure may be expected in subsequent reports."

The statement above referred to is given herewith.

The first column gives the amount of taxes (not assessment) paid per mile of railway, and the second column gives the total amount of taxes paid by the railways in the respective States and Territories:—

| State. | Taxes per Mile. | Total Amount. |
|------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| Alabama..... | \$ 184 28 | \$ 721,339 |
| Arkansas..... | 120 71 | 356,250 |
| California..... | 247 99 | 1,317,021 |
| Colorado..... | 245 25 | 1,107,474 |
| Connecticut..... | 995 93 | 1,019,457 |
| Delaware..... | 228 71 | 78,202 |
| Florida..... | 113 67 | 342,553 |
| Georgia..... | 99 26 | 514,514 |
| Idaho..... | 216 82 | 269,344 |
| Illinois..... | 373 77 | 4,105,062 |
| Indiana..... | 402 69 | 2,540,382 |
| Iowa..... | 159 69 | 1,440,478 |
| Kansas..... | 255 03 | 2,221,441 |
| Kentucky..... | 240 27 | 711,157 |
| Louisiana..... | 285 64 | 646,549 |

| | | |
|---------------------------|-----------|------------|
| Maine..... | \$ 126 76 | \$ 235,868 |
| Maryland..... | 230 36 | 298,999 |
| Massachusetts..... | 1,411 93 | 2,951,665 |
| Michigan..... | 153 88 | 1,186,601 |
| Minnesota..... | 226 28 | 1,522,637 |
| Mississippi..... | 126 04 | 351,540 |
| Missouri..... | 174 90 | 1,169,778 |
| Montana..... | 111 93 | 335,353 |
| Nebraska..... | 198 86 | 1,125,121 |
| Nevada..... | 165 11 | 148,164 |
| New Hampshire..... | 314 98 | 375,570 |
| New Jersey..... | 722 87 | 1,578,157 |
| New York..... | 561 56 | 4,529,584 |
| North Carolina..... | 87 15 | 303,726 |
| North Dakota..... | 187 11 | 505,940 |
| Ohio..... | 303 79 | 2,633,477 |
| Oregon..... | 130 81 | 207,640 |
| Pennsylvania..... | 380 87 | 3,766,311 |
| Rhode Island..... | 843 47 | 175,770 |
| South Carolina..... | 141 25 | 386,059 |
| South Dakota..... | 72 17 | 202,579 |
| Tennessee..... | 288 01 | 834,760 |
| Texas..... | 103 58 | 1,004,257 |
| Utah..... | 174 65 | 247,802 |
| Vermont..... | 142 21 | 140,984 |
| Virginia..... | 176 95 | 648,872 |
| Washington..... | 173 97 | 473,156 |
| West Virginia..... | 230 51 | 440,012 |
| Wisconsin..... | 238 07 | 1,500,065 |
| Wyoming..... | 138 45 | 167,789 |
| Arizona..... | 137 08 | 187,902 |
| District of Columbia..... | 717 50 | 22,781 |
| Indian Territory..... | 10 86 | 14,308 |
| New Mexico..... | 124 63 | 217,736 |
| Oklahoma..... | 158 53 | 131,247 |

\$ 255 00 \$47,415,433

This summary does not include taxes paid to the United States Government, under the recent Internal Revenue Act, nor small amounts not apportioned by States. These two items amount to \$916,840, making the grand total \$48,332,273 as stated above.

These figures, ranging from \$10.68 in Indian Territory, to \$1,411.93 in Massachusetts, show a wide diversity in the rates of taxation. The laws which provide for the levy and collection of these taxes are also widely diversified in character.

In Connecticut, where the tax is \$995.93 per mile, the levy is 1 per cent. of the total capital stock, including funded and floating debt, and this taxation provides 40 per cent. of the entire State revenue.

In Wisconsin, where the tax is \$238.07 per mile, the levy is from 2½ to 4 per cent. of the gross earnings of the railways.

In Indiana, where the tax is \$402.69

per mile, all railway property is assessed at full value by a State Board of Tax Commissioners, and the average municipal rate of taxation is levied.

In New York, where the rate is \$561.56 per mile, the tax on each dollar of capital is at the rate of one quarter of a mill on each one per centum of dividends, where the dividend amounts to six per cent. or more, and one and one-half mills on each dollar of appraised capital where the dividend is less than six per cent., or where no dividend is declared, and an additional tax of one-half of one per cent. of the gross earnings on business originating and terminating in the State.

Here we have four entirely different modes of assessment and taxation, and if the various laws in force in the other States were examined, the diversity of methods would be shown to be still wider.

THE MOST EQUITABLE.

The Indiana plan of assessment on value would appear to be the most equitable, and is in force in several other States. The State of Michigan, which heretofore collected taxes on earnings, is making a change in its law so as to adopt this principle. The report of the Commissioner of Railroads in that State, in his report for 1901, says:—

“At the last session of the Legislature the question of railroad taxation was taken up, and a bill passed providing for the taxation of this property upon its value as determined by the Board of State Tax Commissioners, instead of upon the basis of income, as at present.”

Notwithstanding these many diversities, the people of the United States have made some progress in this matter, and receive an average of \$255 per mile in taxes from their railways, and the total amount of taxes represents three and one-half mills on the total railway capital of the country, or over three per cent. of the gross earnings and income of all the railways in the country.

TAXES IN CANADA.

As the two great Canadian railways, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific, own and operate lines in the United States as well as in Canada, a few examples as to how they are dealt with in the two countries as regards taxation will be interesting.

The Grand Trunk, with a system of 4,179 miles, operated in the States of Illinois, Indiana and Michigan to the west of Ontario, and in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and New York in the east. It has already been shown that in Ontario, where the greater, and probably the most profitable part of the Grand Trunk system is situated, the rate of taxation is only \$50 per mile.

In Illinois, where the average railway tax is \$373 per mile, the Grand Trunk has twenty-five miles of line assessed at \$30,179 per mile, and bearing the same rate of taxation as other property in the State. The Grand Trunk assessment in Ontario is \$2,830 per mile.

In Indiana, where the the average tax is \$402 per mile, the Grand Trunk has eighty miles of road assessed at \$38,090 per mile, and paying the same rate of taxation as other property in the State. The eighty miles in Indiana is assessed at \$3,047,200, or almost half as much as the 2,653 miles in Ontario.

In Michigan, where the average rate is \$153 per mile, the Grand Trunk paid in taxes in 1901, on the 224 miles known as the Grand Trunk Western, the sum of \$113,691, or over \$507 per mile. Branch lines operated paid smaller amounts. The amount paid in Ontario on 2,653 miles was \$133,552, only \$19,861 more than was paid in Michigan on 224 miles, or just ten times as much in Michigan as in Ontario.

In the three States above mentioned, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan, the Grand Trunk paid in 1901 on 335 miles of road, the sum of \$551 per mile in taxes, a total of \$185,036, which is over \$50,000 more than the taxes on 2,653 miles in Ontario.

In Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, the Grand Trunk operates 172

miles of road, which pays \$49,100 in taxes, or \$285 per mile. An equal mileage in Ontario pays only \$8,600.

In New York the Grand Trunk operates a branch line of 22 miles, which pays \$2,985 in taxes, or \$131 per mile. Some of its branch lines in Ontario pay less than \$8 per mile.

That the assessment of the Grand Trunk in Indiana at \$38,090 per mile, is not objectionable to the owners, the following extract from the report of the Indiana State Board of Tax Commissioners for 1901 will show:—

"In the matter of the petition of the Grand Trunk Railway for a modification of its assessment as heretofore fixed by the Board, it is ordered, that the prayer of the petitioner be granted, and the assessment of the main track of said railway is fixed at \$34,000 per mile, the assessment otherwise to be and remain as heretofore fixed by the Board."

The "assessment otherwise" was \$4,090 per mile on side-tracks and improvements, making the total assessment of the railway \$38,090 per mile.

According to the report of the U.S. Interstate Commerce Commission, for the year ending June 30th, 1900, the Canadian Pacific Railway owns the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie line in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, 1,300 miles, which pays \$241,809 in taxes, or \$186 per mile; and the same company owns 7,300 miles in Canada, which pays only \$142,222 in taxes, or \$19.45 per mile.

But there are other examples just as striking.

The St. Clair tunnel, under the St. Clair river, is the connecting link in the Grand Trunk system between Ontario and Michigan, with equal mileage on either side of the boundary line. The Ontario end of the tunnel pays \$753 in taxes, and the Michigan end pays \$6,362.

At Cornwall, a bridge across the St. Lawrence, connecting the Ontario and New York sections of the N.Y. and O. railway, furnishes another example. The New York end of the bridge is assessed at \$40,000, and pays taxes on

that amount; the Ontario end is neither assessed nor taxed. On the New York portion of the road the fare is two cents per mile; on the Ontario portion three cents. The New York end of the bridge received no Government aid; the Ontario end received \$125,000 from the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments.

The Grand Trunk line from Chicago to Portland, 1,138 miles in length, has 628 miles in Canadian territory, and 510 miles in the United States. The line is principally used for hauling to the seaboard food products for the European market, where they compete with the same products from Canada. The 510 miles in the States pay annually \$200,000 in taxes, or nearly \$400 per mile, while the 628 miles in Canada pay only \$31,400, or \$50 per mile. At the same time the rates charged for hauling the Canadian products are much higher than the rates charged on the U.S. products.

ABILITY TO PAY.

According to the Interstate Commerce Commission report, the net income of the U.S. railways per mile in 1900 was \$1,180, and according to the Statistical Year Book of Canada, the net income per mile of the Canadian railways of the same year was \$1,212. Therefore the ability of the Canadian railways to pay taxes is apparent.

The fact that railway property has, in common with other classes of property, the full benefit of all legislation for the purpose of protecting and safeguarding the rights of the owners, should be in itself sufficient reason why it should contribute its fair share to the cost of such benefits; but in Canada, if not elsewhere, there are numerous other reasons why railway property should pay equally with other property, and if any class of property is to bear more of the burden than others, it should be the railway property.

Legislation favourable to the railways, and inimical to other interests has been enacted, such as the right to expropriate land, immunity from the requirements of drainage laws, etc.

AID TO RAILWAYS.

A still greater reason exists in the fact that the people of Canada have given the 18,500 miles of railway in this country the enormous sum, in round numbers, of \$225,000,000 in cash subsidies, and 52 million acres of land. Estimating the land at \$2 per acre, the total amount is \$329,000,000, or almost \$18,000 per mile. Leaving out the 1,500 miles of Government railways, the subsidies amount to nearly \$19,000 per mile, which in many instances would have built the roads. Loans amounting to \$24,000,000, and subscriptions to shares of \$3,000,000, are not included in the above-mentioned subsidies. The cash subsidies of \$225,000,000 came from three sources, viz., from the Dominion Government \$174,000,000, from the Provincial Governments \$35,000,000, and from municipalities \$16,000,000. The cash subsidies, loans and subscriptions, which amount to \$252,000,000, almost equal the net national debt of Canada, on which the annual interest charge is over \$9,000,000. Including the land grants the total amount of railway aid is swelled to \$356,000,000, which is more than the gross national debt of Canada, and represents more than 35 per cent. of the whole railway capital of the country. In addition, some hundreds of miles of railway built by the Dominion Government were handed over to railway corporations free of charge.*The total amount of aid in vari-

* The grand total of the amount of aid given by the people of Canada to the 17,000 miles of railway owned by private corporations is as follows:—

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Cash subsidies and bonuses..... | \$225,000,000 |
| Loans and subscriptions..... | 27,000,000 |
| Land (at \$2 per acre)..... | 104,000,000 |
| Lines already built..... | 35,000,000 |

Total.....\$391,000,000

This means that the people of Canada have contributed the handsome sum of \$23,000 per mile to every railway now in operation in the Dominion. Large additional grants of both cash and land, recently voted by the Federal and Provincial Parliaments, have yet to be paid to lines now being constructed; and, according to present indications, millions more will soon be asked for.

ous ways which the people of Canada have given to railways would probably have built every mile of railway in the country.

On top of these immense subsidies, the railways of Canada are paid \$1,350,000 annually for carrying the mails. In this country the railways are receiving from the people \$10,000,000 per annum, and yet not sharing, with other classes of property, in the burdens of government, which are imposed for the benefit of all alike.

WHAT SHOULD BE PAID.

The total railway wealth of Canada represents a capital of \$1,043,000,000, and pays less than \$500,000 in taxes, or less than one-half of one mill on the dollar. If the railways merely paid a fair share of taxation on the capital donated to them by the people, the revenue from that source would amount to over \$6,000,000 annually.

If the Indiana law were in force in Canada the railways would pay in taxes at least \$7,600,000 annually.

If the Connecticut law were placed in operation in Canada the annual tax on the railways would be over \$10,000,000.

If the Wisconsin act were applied here the amount would be \$2,920,000.

If the railways here paid the average U.S. rate of \$255 per mile, the total would be \$4,845,000.

If the G.T.R. paid the same rate in taxes in Ontario as it did last year in Michigan, \$507 per mile, the total would be \$1,345,071, instead of the comparatively insignificant sum of \$134,624, which is now paid by that corporation. And besides, both passenger and freight rates are lower in Michigan than in Ontario.

OTHER DISCRIMINATIONS.

But even this does not complete the list of discriminating inequalities which exist between Ontario and Michigan. In Michigan the railways are operated under the control of a State Commissioner, and have to provide suitable cattle-guards at all crossings, maintain watchmen at town and village crossings, keep farm crossings in repair,

construct culverts across their tracks for public and private drains, and in other ways give due consideration to the welfare of the general public. In Ontario the public welfare is the last consideration—or rather, it is not taken into consideration at all. Level and dangerous crossings are left without cattle-guards or watchmen; drainage laws are a dead letter, and a railway can, and often does, block the drainage system of a whole township, while farmers have no rights in the matter; there are no regulations regarding speed and time of trains; cars are sometimes supplied when they are needed, and sometimes they are not; and the excessive rates are a burden on many lines of business.

The respective conditions which obtain in Ontario and Michigan will be found to exist generally in Canada and the United States, and the question may well be asked in respect to Canada:—"Does the country own the railways, or do the railways own the country?"

A PROBABLE IMPROVEMENT.

A bill to appoint a Provincial Board of Assessors to assess and tax railway and other similar property was introduced in the Ontario Legislature in 1902 by the writer. On the second reading of the Bill a request was made by the Premier that it be withdrawn, as the report of the Assessment Commission was expected to be laid before the House in a short time. The Bill was therefore withdrawn, and the report of the Assessment Commission, which was subsequently made, recommended as follows under the heading "Assessment of Railways:"

"The land of steam railroads is at present assessed at the same value as other land in the neighbourhood. The report recommends that these assessments be made by the Provincial Board and raised gradually for ten years, when the actual value of land and improvements is to be the assessed value. This will be about six times the present assessed value throughout the Province."

The recommendation of the Commission, if carried out, would considerably improve matters, but why ten years should be required to bring the assessment of any class of property up to an equitable basis is difficult to understand. When the people once realize the real condition of affairs the

equalization will be brought about in a much shorter period.

The railway companies are not to blame for present conditions. The trouble is weak legislation, and the people have the remedy in their own hands.

THE INCORPORATION OF TRADES UNIONS

By Adam Shortt, Professor of Politics and Economics, Queen's University

ONE of the most important social consequences of our modern complex economic life, is the great and still growing dependence of increasing numbers of the community upon the organization of industry. But it is this organization, with the instruments and inventions which have made it possible, which more than anything else has enabled civilized countries to greatly raise the standard of living for the vast majority of their citizens, while actually reducing the hours of labour and the amount of physical work to be done. Evidently, then, what the whole of society comes to depend upon cannot be permitted to be put in jeopardy, much less indefinitely suspended, through the caprice of private or sectional interests, hitherto eluding responsibility.

In primitive society, when individuals developed disputes which could not be settled by word of mouth, they resorted, with little disturbance to social order, to that elemental strife which ultimately balances all forces in the physical world. Yet even at a very elementary stage in social evolution, this primitive warfare was regulated by certain rules of combat, or of blood-feud; thus plainly indicating that the safety of what little social machinery society then relied upon, was not to be endangered by domestic strife. As civilization advanced organized society restricted in greater and greater degree the right of conflict between its

members. At the same time it provided a continually improving substitute in the shape of a system of laws prescribing and defining rights, and courts with legal machinery for the safeguarding of these rights and the settling of disputes regarding them. The natural and necessary accompaniment of this progress has been the growth of responsibility on the part of both individuals and corporations. No society, therefore, which values its stability can afford to allow organizations to flourish within it whose actions are assumed to be beyond the law. Yet, in the course of their development, the modern trades unions have, in many respects, reached a condition under which, without admitting responsibility to the law, they undertake to make laws of their own which, both in themselves and in their method of enforcement, endanger the peace and welfare of society.

Few will refuse to acknowledge the many important economic and social reforms which, in part at least, have been brought about during the past century through the efforts of trades unions. Their methods, it is true, have never been altogether above reproach; but neither have those of their opponents. Yet of late years their increased power, their more questionable tactics, and the more complex interdependence of society, have combined to alter very materially the social significance of their actions, and to ob-

scure, if not sometimes quite to destroy, the benefits which they might very properly bestow.

Like the older craft guilds in their later stages, the trades unions have passed away from the condition of merely self-defensive associations for the protection of legitimate rights, and become powerful aggressive organizations bent upon conquest. Like ruthless invaders, regardless of anything but their ultimate object, they take forcible possession of whole provinces, wasting their substance and paralyzing their industry simply with a view to forcing concessions from a few of their more or less wealthy inhabitants. Unless, therefore, organized society is to tamely submit to such visitations at diminishing intervals, it must rise in defence of its own existence and say with firmness to the labour organizations: "Without pretending to pass premature judgment upon the merits of your claims, we must give you to understand that, whatever the merits of your case, you cannot be permitted to vindicate them by the methods of barbarism, which have been denied to all other bodies in the State. The State has appointed a complete system of civil government for the passing of laws, the defining and interpreting of rights and the settling of disputes, and by this system of rights and liberties you must abide; having always the freedom, shared by all citizens, to agitate, in a peaceable and constitutional manner, for the amendment of the laws where they are found to be capable of improvement."

The first step towards substituting a civilized for a barbarous method of settling labour disputes, is to insure that each party to the dispute shall be legally responsible for its actions, and therefore capable alike of claiming rights and of having rights claimed against it. Now all forms of capital are already subject to such laws as we have, while trades unions are not. But freedom from legal responsibility is too heavy a burden and too dangerous a liberty to be entrusted to any element in society. It is doubtful if

even the millionaires could sustain the position, at any rate the community seems wisely disinclined to subject them to such a fearful strain. Certainly the trades unions have not been able to stand the test. Having been able, hitherto, to elude legal obligations, the unions have undertaken to make rules and laws of their own, not only regardless of the laws of the State, but in many cases in defiance of them. They have deliberately undertaken, as part of their means of warfare against capital, to force society in general, by press-gang methods of suffering and loss, to take sides with them against the employers. Thus, quite beyond the limits of the interests immediately affected in any given dispute, the machinery of the boycott and the sympathetic strike are employed to force the community to side with the strikers as a simple matter of self-preservation, and utterly regardless of the merits of the dispute.

The officials of the unions, even when they have done their utmost to paralyze certain more or less indispensable lines of industry, loudly proclaim that they do not incite to law-breaking and violence. Though this is not always true, yet there is certainly not the least necessity for the strike leaders to actively and explicitly promote violence and crime. There is, on the contrary, owing to the methods adopted and the purposes in view, every necessity for the strongest exertion on their part to mitigate and repress the spontaneous tendency to violence and intimidation on the part of their followers and sympathizers. To do them justice, the great trades union leaders of recent years, and among them the greatest of all, Mr. Mitchell, have done much to minimize the violence and disorder inseparable from the forces which they have called into play. But even in the face of their acknowledged power and influence, the actual course of events during a strike proclaims the whole system and its methods to be utterly inconsistent with the very essentials of civilized society. As it operates at present, the system of

strikes as a method of vindicating right and attaining to justice is a cruel absurdity.

If labour honestly desires justice it cannot afford to follow a course essentially destructive of justice and allied with the enemies of law and order. If the trades unions themselves refuse to be made responsible to the courts for the due observance of their promises, and for the natural consequences of their actions and counsel, with what grace or consistency can they apply to the same courts to hold capital to its promises and obligations? Undoubtedly the first and longest step towards the vindication of the rights of society on the one hand, and the securing of a just and stable recognition of the rights of labour on the other, lies in the legal incorporation of trades unions. In assuming responsibility for their actions the unions will also attain to moderation and consistency, and thus gain public confidence and respect as the legitimate guardians of the rights and liberties of labour.

The widespread inconvenience and suffering throughout the most populous sections of the United States and Ca-

nada, owing to the late coal strike in Pennsylvania, and the decision lately rendered in the case of the Taff Vale Railway Co. against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants in Britain, have given special importance to this subject at the present time, and have drawn attention to the anomalous position which trades unions have occupied with reference to legal rights and obligations. Though the Taff Vale case is an important legal precedent, not only for Britain but for the United States and Canada, where, though different laws prevail, yet practically the same legal principles are accepted; still it would be much more satisfactory to have all doubts removed by the enactment of special measures requiring the legal incorporation of trades unions. At present the State of Massachusetts is leading the way in an effort to secure legislation to this end. Whatever may be said for or against compulsory arbitration in the case of labour disputes in special occupations, yet the putting of labour unions in general upon a legal basis would seem to be a first requisite, and should occupy the serious attention of our Canadian Government.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

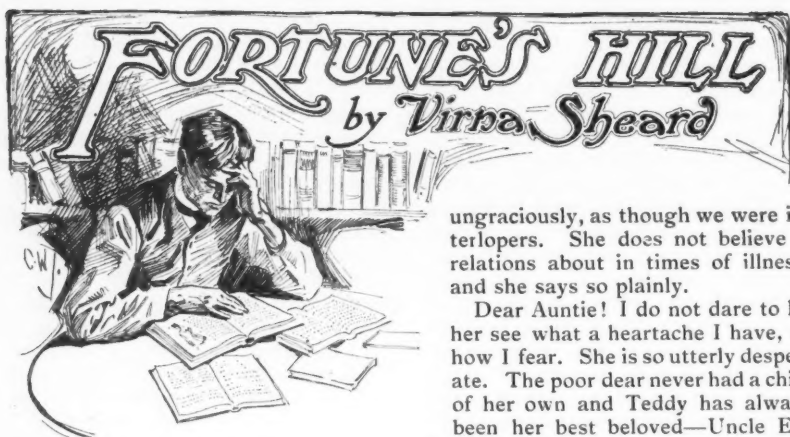
ADOWN the glass how swift the sand did speed,
How very swift the sand that marked the hour,
When Barbara stirred the sparkling mead
That urged me to my solitary bower.

I held her hand, her one free hand, in mine,
And all was sweet within that roseate hour,
When Barbara poured the ruddy wine,
And bade me seek my solitary bower.

But soon we learned to turn the wasted glass,
For, man and wife, we spurned the fleeting hour,
And drank of happiness, alas!
It lived too short within our sacred bower.

Adown the glass how slow the sand doth speed,
How very slow the sand that marks the hour,
When I, no Barbara to prepare the mead,
Go heart-sick to my solitary bower.

Newton MacTavish



CHAPTER XII—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

SYNOPSIS—This is a story of student-life. The rich man's son and the poor man's son—Teddy Darryl and David Trent meet on common ground. Darryl has a dread of surgery; Trent is stronger, older, and more brilliant. Darryl's cousin Margaret is in the background inspiring both. The blacksmith's son would cross the social gulf to meet her, and he is building the bridge as it is built in this country where the social gulfs are not too wide. Darryl is tempted by a wager to visit the dissecting room at night; faints in the attempt, and is rescued by Trent.

IT is thirty-six hours since I came down to the drawing-room and found Mr. Trent waiting. At awful times, when people are battling with death, they count time by hours, not days nor nights.

We are here now, Aunt Marshall and I, in this house where Teddy boards. As Mr. Trent has kindly given up his room to us we shall stay till Ted is better, for we will not let ourselves think of any alternative.

There happened to be pen and paper on the table beside me and so I am writing. It is easier to write than to sit here and listen to the clock tick and to do nothing. Ted shall read this when he is convalescent—it may entertain him. It is Aunt Marshall's turn to sit with him now, for the nurse only lets us in one at a time, and then

ungraciously, as though we were interlopers. She does not believe in relations about in times of illness, and she says so plainly.

Dear Auntie! I do not dare to let her see what a heartache I have, or how I fear. She is so utterly desperate. The poor dear never had a child of her own and Teddy has always been her best beloved—Uncle Edward having lent him to her at times. I think if she had a son she could not love him better.

No one to see her now, tear-stained, blanched and trembling, would ever imagine she could be the unruffled, beautiful old lady they have known. She is usually so taken up with the thousand and one trifling little things of life—the airy nothings that make the hour's pleasure, and this has swept them all away.

Of course, Teddy will be all right—and I tell her so repeatedly, for the mere words comfort her, but, I wish—I wish he would come to himself. It is such an eternity since Mr. Trent brought us here. Then it was one o'clock at night, now it is one o'clock noon of the second day.

There has been a change, of a kind. He is still unconscious, but he is no longer quiet—and he talks. I think it is worse than the other.

He fancies he is on the way to the dissecting-room of the college, or else that he is in it looking—looking desperately for some book which he must find. "What a night!" he says; "what a night!—the sleet blinds one and the streets are pitch black. Something must have gone wrong with the lights. I counted on one at the corner."

Then he waits and tosses for a while and goes on in a half-whisper: "There are only three matches left. Hark!

what was that? Nothing—nothing—nothing. Don't be a fool. They make no noise—they make no noise—nor stir—no matter what we do to them. It always seems pitiful. By heaven, I wish I could find that book! On the last table by the new Sub., he said. No, it isn't. Here goes the last. Why can't it light? There are pleasanter places to be—in the dark. I'm at the steps—above the trap-door of the vat, the vat where Jimsy says 'the dead are always in good spirits.'"

Then he laughs, dreadfully, and starts again.

"I can't find it—I can't. Mallon may not have left it. If I thought that—but no—no fellow could be so contemptible—that's more than a joke. This is the last table. To go back without it is to write myself down a coward. They'll all think so—all but Trent. I know the look on their faces. That was his hand I touched—it moved—no, no, they don't move—it swung—it only swung."

We have been listening to it for hours. Uncle Edward and Dolly are travelling and we cannot reach them by telegraph, though Mr. Trent has tried over and over again.

Dr. Bennett and the nurse let him come into the room whenever he likes, as though he belonged there. Now and then I meet his eyes across the bed where Teddy is, and they have that same look in them I saw upon the day of the great storm, when I thought it might be the reflection of the lightning. A strange look it is, and I somewhat fear it.

I do not understand David Trent, yet I know he feels now the way we do. He is not an outsider. Aunt Marshall accepts his presence without question or comment, and turns to him for every service, yet I fancy she does not quite know who he is.

Dr. Bennett told us that Mr. Trent found Teddy in one of the college

buildings, where he had in some way fallen and been hurt—no one as yet knows how—and because he dared not leave him alone and go for help, he carried him back here.

Dr. Bennett says he does not understand how Mr. Trent did it, but to me it is not strange. I think he would do anything he made up his mind to do. Still—through the storm, and it was an awful night, and with the dead weight—what it must have been!

Afterwards he came to tell Aunt Marshall. I hardly think he expected to see me.

I shall never forget how he looked. His face was white and lined as though he were old, and it was wet, and his hair. The snow had melted across his great shoulders and left a black line on his gray coat.

He did not say anything for a moment—perhaps it was hard to find the words. Then he told me why he had come.

It seemed at first almost joyful news, for at least he said Teddy was alive—and Jenkins had come up to us with the message that young Mr. Darryl had been *killed*, which is as near the true rendering of a message as Jenkins ever gets.

On second thoughts, I do not think I will give this to Ted to read when he is on the mend. It is hardly of a nature to entertain a convalescent.

Dr. Bennett has just come in and given me his first word of hope. I told him I thought from the first my cousin would get better. He only smiled in his wise way, and said a woman thinks a thing is true if she wishes it to be so.

Dear Ted! The sunny heart of him—and the flashlight smile—who could think of death as coming to him? It is so dreadful for the young to die, yet Aunt Marshall says we who are young do not know how beautiful a thing youth is. It is only the old who understand that.

CHAPTER XIII.—TERRY DARRYL REFLECTS

A FELLOW learns a lot of things at a Medical College besides medicine; a lot of promiscuous things, in fact, and the knowledge of them is forced upon him gratuitously.

No matter how dense he may be, or how unobservant, it is impossible for him not to pick up a few new points about human nature, for instance, enough to enable him after a time to discriminate with more or less nicety between the men who are "square" and those who are not.

Now that they have me propped up this way, and the beastly throbbing has gone out of my head, I have been thinking a good deal about the fool's errand Mallon sent me on.

There is no slightest use in thinking about it of course—it will mend nothing—but thoughts are not bound by law or reason, and mine will persist in revolving in a circle which brings me back to that point unpleasantly often.

Trent says the text-book was not left in the dissecting room. He went back before sunrise and settled all question of it to his own satisfaction. In other words, it was a put-up game and they intended me to come back without it. There's the rub.

It looks such a trifle. Simply a practical joke no greater than many another chap has had played upon him and had taken with a good grace perforce because he must. Yet with me it went farther. My failure to bring back Mallon's text-book meant that I would be branded before the school as a coward.

Not a single man after hearing the story would believe I ever entered the dissecting room. Thanks to Trent that point is settled, though I am still in a bad enough case.

Personally, I have not been able to decide whether it was fear that made me faint that night, for I certainly fainted and fell in the dark, or whether it was some other and more excusable feeling but one impossible to define a horror of being near those mutilated bodies, an unspeakable shrinking from

sight of them. The evidences, I fancy, are rather strong against me, but, perhaps, a few of the fellows will give me the benefit of the doubt.

Aunt Marshall does not seem to mind the trouble I'm giving, though I've about upset the whole establishment.

Jenkins tells me that for several days they tan-barked the road and muffled all the house bells, things I have hitherto thought were only done out of consideration for suffering royalty.

Through it all, though, Aunt Marshall has been simply an angel. Not that she outwardly resembles one, as she is most substantial; and according to an ingrained belief kept over from the period of infancy, an angel is to me a being of pinkish transparency with a tendency to float. Still, in all heaven-born characteristics I know they are the same.

My beautiful Cousin Margaret helps me through some of the worst hours. Trent comes up every little while; Jimsy drops in pretty well every day, and Aunt Marshall flutters about at all times and seasons like an uneasy butterfly—not that she is really in the least like a butterfly except as regards her unsettled state of mind and general restlessness.

Nowadays she can never gaze at me for long without having her sweet old eyes, that always remind one of violets a bit wilted, slowly fill up with tears, and it makes a fellow feel uncommonly queer. Probably I do resemble a wreck.

In any case they are all awfully good, but the truth is, I am tired to death of being cooped up here. Day after day goes by, and while I do not actually lose ground I do not seem to gain an inch.

Visibly there is nothing the matter, except with one leg, and that obstinately and utterly refuses to do what is expected of it. Bennett doesn't say "paralyzed." He doesn't need to. After all, I learned a little at the lectures and now have a chance to apply it practically.

It feels—the leg I mean—as though it belonged to a mummy who had been embalmed a few thousand years, which is a sort of paradox as it is without feeling. I have always thought that we were made with an unnecessary number of nerves, but one is forced to admit that a few are all right. A total lack of sensation is about as objectionable as too much. It is such a bother to have to look at your foot to make sure that it is still there.

And then the spring Exams. Unless things take a turn, this totally knocks me out as regards them. There won't be a chance to catch up.

Trent and the Governor will be disappointed.

I asked Trent the other day whether he had met Mallon lately, and he said he had. His voice took the non-committal tone which is peculiar to it when there is more behind the words than will be easily discovered, and his face was an absolute mask.

I have wondered a great deal as to just what happened at that meeting.

Jimsey told us to-day that Mallon is expelled for a combination of reasons, but that he left town some time ago, and without giving the Faculty the pleasure of informing him he was off the roll. Jimsey says nobody knows just where he went or why.

Some way I think Trent does, but—with Kipling's permission—that would be another story.

A while ago I discovered that Trent is in love with Margaret. There isn't a doubt about it, though I found out by chance.

I used to have a photograph of Margaret on my table at Mrs. Tupper's. It was one of those pictures that follow you around with their eyes, and it was no end lovely. Well, this picture disappeared, and as I naturally thought some of Mallon's crowd had taken it, I went for them accordingly, while to a man they denied it point-blank. Then, a few days afterwards, I turned into Trent's room and found him standing with the missing picture in his hand. His face had the hard, set look it gets at times—if it expressed any-

thing it was a grim determination that was half defiance. I don't think he meant it for me, of course; it was more a look, to my mind, as though the spirit of him, or some hidden force in him, was for the moment challenging Fate. "I beg your pardon, Darryl," he said; "I fear you blamed one of the other fellows for taking this. I didn't mean to keep it, but, as you see, I have it. It is my first theft."

"Oh! that's all right, Trent," I said, laughing. "Don't apologize. I'll even lend it to you if you admire it. You are different from the rest, don't you know. Anyway, it's only a picture."

"Thanks," he said, holding it towards me. "Yes, I am somewhat different perhaps, and it *is* only a picture—but you'd better take it."

So I did. Still, it was easy to see how the wind blew after that.

Occasionally they meet here. He comes in at odd hours when Margaret is reading or fussing over the flowers or putting in the time the way girls do, and anyone might be able to tell how things are with him, though, perhaps she does not know. It is the outsider after all who sees the best part of the game.

If I say nothing, and Margaret fails to find out for herself, I hardly think she will ever know.

That close shut mouth of his will keep its own secrets, unless he is taken off guard or tempted too far some day.

If I thought Margaret cared for him I would tell her what I know like a shot, and let things take their course, in spite of the Governor. But it might not do. I keep on forgetting Trent's social position, or rather his lack of it, while the Governor, Aunt Marshall and the rest never would.

By Jove! it's too bad. They would simply ticket him "*Impossible*"; and Trent understands.

The lights are flickering out in the windows across the way, so it must be nearly six o'clock. Yes, there go the bells. How many who have been working hard will be glad to hear

them, and be thankful to rest, while I am tired of keeping still.

Lectures are done at the College and the men are tramping home. A jolly devil-may-care lot. I envy them. I find myself envying everything that

can walk, even Sprite, Aunt Marshall's pet pug, who is built like a cube and moves unwillingly and as doth the snail. At least she *can* move if she wants to.



CHAPTER XIV.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

IT is one thing to entertain a man when he is well, and quite another to amuse him when he is not. The woman who can do so successfully is like Kipling's sailor, "a person of infinite-resource-and-sagacity."

Aunt Marshall tells us in her frequent reminiscences of Uncle Marshall—whom we do not recollect—that when he was just a trifle ill, it took all her Christian fortitude to put up with his whims, but at those various times that he went, as she elegantly expresses it, "to the portals of death," he was angelic.

We have heard from other sources, Ted and I, that our Uncle Marshall of happy memory—who, by the way, spent years of his life in India and brought home the usual complexion and ills—was an irascible, violently hot-tempered old gentleman, who led the people around him a life. The kind of old gentleman whose absence makes the heart grow fonder, and to whom distance indeed lends enchantment. The family agree that Aunt Marshall should be canonized for having so cheerfully endured his idiosyncrasies. Therefore, when she referred to him the other morning as having been at times "angelic" Teddy murmured, "when the devil was sick the devil a saint would be," and he winked at me quite one of his old winks, which was delightful to see. Providentially Aunt Marshall did not hear what he said, as on that subject she is unduly sensitive.

Teddy is better at last; even a great deal better. Dr. Bennett thinks he may soon walk without crutches, though he holds out no hope but that he will always be a little lame. One side, he fears, will never entirely recover its

strength. His case has puzzled the doctors, and they regard it as exceptional. But then one is always hearing of "exceptional cases," for so few people will be considerate enough to follow the general rules. The surprises that physicians are constantly experiencing should make the profession intensely interesting.

As regards my cousin, and all this that has happened, the complications are more than unusual—they are in a certain way dreadful—almost unbelievable.

Aunt Marshall told me lately a strange story. She said that a few months before Teddy was born his mother was on a railroad train coming down from London, when there was an accident—one of the horrible kind we just glance at in the papers but never have courage to read. She herself escaped injury, but the shock was so great, the terror and agony of mind caused by all she saw so clung to her, that she never was very strong afterwards.

It may be, therefore, that the shrinking Teddy has from all things connected with surgery is born in him. Aunt Marshall blames herself for not having thought of this before, as she might have used her influence with Uncle Edward and prevented much unhappiness. But I tell her she should not fret over it, for very possibly Uncle Edward would have carried out his plans just the same. He has a tenacity of purpose that is appalling. "An Englishman," he says, "*never—having once convinced himself he is right—relinquishes his point!*" In Teddy's case I suppose he convinced himself he was right.

And so I have been thinking about all these things. Of course, we cannot remotely understand them, but at the least it brings us to the belief with the Danish Prince, "that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Aunt Marshall very wisely told Ted the pitiful story of that long-past accident which has shadowed his life. Till it was finished he sat still looking out of the window. We all know that he is her sole heir and will eventually inherit Uncle Marshall's money. As Uncle Marshall was a kind of Indian nabob there is a good deal, but Ted never takes the prospect seriously.

I see nothing for it," he answered, "but to finish the course. I must do some work, and it's too late to start at anything else." Then, with a short laugh, "I'll have to make a bluff and beat nature at her own game, don't you know."

"But, dear," Auntie replied, "but can you?"

"I think I can," he said. "So don't trouble over me any more. I think I've given my nerves their last innings. I won't faint again through fear."

"Not fear! dear heart," she cried softly, taking his hand, "do not say fear."

"It was a thing without a name, then, a thing none of the other fellows understand, except Trent," he answered, "but it shall not overtake me again, I swear."

His eyes had the same steady look that David Trent's so often wear, Aunt Marshall says, as though he had fought a battle with himself and won.

Uncle Edward and Dolly are in England and we are to join them about the end of May.

Ted will not hear of leaving until after convocation. The examinations are over in Medicine, but the results are not out yet, and he is absurdly anxious to hear whether Mr. Trent has taken either of the gold medals. One is given by the School and one by the University, so a student has a chance for both.

I hardly think Mr. Trent gives the

matter a thought. That he works for something beyond the medals is apparent.

He came in for a few moments yesterday evening before starting for Grandville to see his father, who has been ill. He goes home often, but whenever I ask him anything regarding his father he answers in the most unsatisfactory way. A chilling, discouraging sort of way that makes it difficult for me to return to the subject again. I cannot make him talk of himself or of his own affairs at all, and in this also he is distinctly different from other men I know. As a rule I find that they themselves are their most cherished conversational topic.

Mr. Trent can be very entertaining though when the subject is not a personal one. He has an unusual way of saying a great deal in a few words. Mr. Jimsy and Ted are forever quoting him and giving us what they call "Trent's compressed sentences."

One evening last week Mr. Trent dined with us at Aunt Marshall's particular request.

Aunt Marshall says he is the type of man who is distinctly at his best in evening clothes. She maintains that they always accentuate a man. He either looks well in them or he does not.

We feel we can never repay Mr. Trent for all his goodness when Teddy was hurt. He is such a difficult person to repay in any way that I think we will have to remain under obligation to him forever with the best grace possible.

Aunt Marshall has taken an unusual fancy to David Trent, accepting him almost affectionately as a friend of Ted's. But it was only the other evening at dinner she learned exactly who he was and that he came from Grandville.

He happened to say that he was going home during the week, and she looked across at him with an expression of mild curiosity and said smilingly:

"Really, I do not believe I quite know where your home is, Mr. Trent?"

"No?" he answered. "I live at Grandville."

"At Grandville?" she exclaimed. "Why then I must know your people. I know everybody there, yet I do not remember—"

"Very possibly not," he said, "you would hardly remember. There is but my father. He is a blacksmith." His voice was cool and smooth, and a little smile set about his lips, as though he were amused at the effect his words would have.

They certainly took effect, for Jenkins dropped a cover he was moving and Aunt Marshall entirely lost her pink colour for the moment. Then she rallied.

"Indeed, it is quite likely I have met him," she said warmly, "though I cannot place his name just now. But, alas! my memory for names is proverbially unreliable. There is one thing though, your father is a lucky man to have such a son, and so I shall tell him some day."

David Trent bowed gravely in acknowledgment of the pretty, impulsive speech, and in a way I think it touched him.

"You are most kind to say so," he returned.

Then Teddy rattled on with his extravagant nonsense, which is most useful to fill any conversational break, and the subject ended.

Strange to say Aunt Marshall did not take it up later, though we watched for it.

I noticed, however, that Jenkins appeared to be mentally unbalanced for several days afterwards. In fact, his equilibrium was not perfectly restored till a certain pink luncheon following this when Aunt Marshall entertained a few quite important people, amongst them a recently made knight and his lady, all of whom Jenkins served with much outward complacency and inward humility.

For myself, I am beginning to feel

like an outsider, one who has turned against the ancient traditions of her race. While far from possessing the rebellious spirit of the American revolutionist, I yet have sympathy with them in the signing of the Declaration of Independence if it meant in the very heart and soul of it that men might start life equally, unweighed by the conditions of their fathers' social position. For why *should* a man be handicapped by what has gone before, provided he be strong of body and soul and able to fight his own way?

Undoubtedly everyone must believe in *race*, for the outcome of it is seen every day the world over. We all, I suppose, bear a "hall mark" of one kind or another. Still in every class there are families who have lived for years fine and honest lives, guarding what was best, beating down what was worst in them, and some of these people have been toilers on the sea and land, have never lived softly or easily, but have developed all the strength that was in them by battling against difficulties and dangers. It seems to me that it is to just such a people we should look for the "flower of the country"—the men who "do things."

These thoughts persistently come into my mind against my will, and I know it is all because of David Trent. Teddy and I agree that he compels one's admiration, but there are times when I sincerely wish I had never met him, for, after all, what can we possibly have in common?

Teddy is calling me in a most emphatic way. He is coming down the stairs, so it really must be something important this time. Here he is frantically waving a paper:—"Write it down, Margaret!" he is saying; "set it in black and white! it's stunning good news—just listen to this, will you? Old Trent has broken the record, distanced them every man. He's a double gold medallist! By George! a *double* gold medallist!"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SWARTZ DIAMOND^{* *}

By E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin"

THE Boer puzzled us. It was not because he loomed so big in the haze against the sunset; but he seemed at a mile's distance to detect us. We thought the cover perfect, for the hackthorn tops were higher than our horses' heads. If he from so far could see patches of khaki through bushes, his eyes must be better than our field-glasses. If he did not see us why did he wave his hat as in salutation?

"Maybe he only suspect one patrol at de ford. Vat you t'ink, Sergeant McTavish?" said Lieutenant Deschamps to me.

"Perhaps he thinks some of his own kind may hold the ford," I suggested.

The others said nothing. They were fifteen French Canadians, including Corporal Jongers. We lay still behind our prone horses, and kept our Krag on the Boer.

He seemed to diminish as he advanced slowly from the mirage, but still he looked uncommonly big—and venerable, too. His hair and beard grew long and white, though he sat up as alert as any man. At ten yards a pack-pony followed him. When half-a-mile away the burgher raised both hands above his head.

"He come for surrender, you t'ink, sergeant?" Lieutenant Deschamps is a gentleman. Because I was of another race he always treated me with more than the consideration due to a good non-com. Or possibly it was because he knew I had been advocate in Montreal before joining the mounted Canadian contingent.

"Better keep down and keep him covered," I replied. "That may be a signal." I stared about the horizon. The veldt was bare, except for the straggle of hackthorns fringing the

curve about the ford. There could be no other Boer within three miles of us, unless hidden by the meanderings of the Wolwe, which runs twelve feet below the plain. But we had searched ten miles of its bed during the day. Westward lay the kopjes from among which the old Boer had apparently ridden.

He came calmly down the breach of the opposite bank and as far as the middle of the brawling shallow within fifty yards of us before Deschamps cried "Halt!" At the word we sprang up, accoutrements rattling, horses snorting. The old burgher looked up at us quizzically, passing his hand down his beard and gathering its length above his mouth before he spoke.

"Take care some of those guns don't go off," he said, with no trace of Dutch accent.

"You surrender?" Deschamps stepped forward.

"Sir, I am going to Swartzdorp. Did you not see me hold up my hands?"

"But for sure you could not see us here?"

He smiled and pointed up to the sky. In the blue a vulture swung wide above us. "So I knew," said the burgher, "Khakis were hiding. Boers would have come out. They would have recognized me."

"Your name?"

"Emanuel Swartz."

"Bon! The great landowner! I have much pleasure to see you. Come in, monsieur. Eef only you brought in your commando, how glad!"

"They may come yet," he said. "It depends." He shook his rein, and the big bay brought him up the breach into the midst of us. The pack-pony, which had imitated his halt, followed.

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"You will not stop me. I have private business at Swartzdorp," he said.

"Truly I regret," said Deschamps. "But my orders! Here you must stay, monsieur, this night. To-morrow General Pole. He will be most glad to parole you, I have hope."

"Oh, very well, lieutenant," said Swartz, philosophically. "I dare say he won't send me to St. Helena." He dismounted, leaving his Mauser strapped to his saddle. Then he handed me his bandoleer. "I make you welcome to my pack also," he said hospitably. "There's some biltong and meal. Perhaps it will improve your fare."

"It will be poor stuff if it doesn't," I told him.

"You give your parole, sir?" asked Deschamps.

"For the night, yes. I will not try to escape."

His cordial, easy accents came with a certain surprising effect from one who was so unkempt and, in spite of his years, so formidable. I had never before seen one of the great Boer land-owners. In his manner one could perceive, if not a certain condescension, at least the elevated kindness of a patriarchal gentleman accustomed to warm by affability the hearts of many descendants and dependents. About Swartzdorp we had heard much of his English mother, his English wife and his lifelong friendship with English officers and gentlemen. It did not seem surprising that he should have come in voluntarily now that Bloemfontein and Pretoria were in Lord Roberts' hands.

It was cold for us in khaki that evening by the Wolwe, though we did not lack overcoats. The spruit tinkled icily along patches of gravel in the blue clay, and late June's high moon seemed pouring down a Canadian wintriness. "No fire," ordered Deschamps, lest far-sighted Boer parties, skilled in surprises, might locate us. But the old burgher showed how to make small glowing heaps of dry ofal, which had been plentifully left of old by troops

of deer and antelope coming to drink at the spruit. Over one of these tiny smokeless fires our lieutenant sat with the prisoner. I think I see again the reflections of the little flame flickering on the old giant's enormous beard and shapely outspread hands.

We had supped heavily on his meat and meal, but sleep in that nipping air came by dozes only, and drowsiness departed when digestion had relieved repletion. At midnight, when the vedettes were changed and the moon sagged low, we all were more wakeful than early in the evening. There had been little talk, and that in the low voices of endurance, but now Deschamps and Swartz fell into discourse about the Kimberley mines. This led to discussing the greater diamonds of South Africa, and so on till the burgher began a story stranger than fiction:

"One of the biggest stones ever taken from blue clay is still uncut. It has never been offered for sale. Near this very place it was found by Vassell Swartz, my cousin. The man is not rich even for a Free State burgher. He is fond of money. He believes his diamond to be worth twelve thousand pounds. No man could wish harder to sell anything. And yet he has not offered it. He has not even shown it. His wife has not seen it. He has had it constantly near him for eleven years. He has handled it frequently—in its setting. But he has not ventured to look at it since the morning after he found it. You wonder at that. Is it possible a rough diamond can shine so bright as dangerously to dazzle the eyes? No; Vassell would be glad to stare at it all day. But its setting prevents him. And yet he set it himself."

The old burgher paused and looked about on our puzzled faces with some air of satisfaction at their interest.

"It is quite a riddle," said Deschamps.

"So it is. And I will make it harder. You have been told that we Boers think nothing of killing Kaffirs? But all Swartzdorp could tell you that my cousin Vassell could scarcely bear to

let a Kaffir out of his sight. That is mysterious? Well, I will not go on talking in parables. I will tell you the thing just as I heard it from Vassell or know about it myself.

"Eleven years ago Vassell and his brother, my cousin Claas, went off as usual to Makori's country beyond the Limpopo, elephant-hunting. Ivory was so plenty that they trekked back a month earlier than they had expected. On the return Vassell's riding horse fell lame not long after crossing this very Wolwe spruit by a higher ford. My cousin gave the beast no rest till evening, and no attention until after they had made a laager against lions and had eaten supper. Then he took a brand from the fire and looked into the hoof. In it he found a whitish stone of about the bigness of an elephant-bullet of six to the pound. It was of the colour of alum, and in the torchlight it glistened as the scale of a fish.

"Vassell had never seen a rough diamond. And he had heard of diamonds as brighter than glittering glass. He thought only that the pebble was a pretty stone. The man's heart was soft with nearing his wife and children, so he slipped the pebble into his empty elephant-bullet pouch, thinking to give it for a toy to his little Anna. There it lay forgotten until his fingers went groping for a bullet at the next day-break. Kaffirs were then trying to rush my cousins' laager.

"Wild Kaffirs these were, driven from Kimberley for unruliness in drink. They were going back to their tribe; they had come far without food, and they smelled the meat and meal in the wagons—so Matakita afterward told. But no hunger could have driven them against a Boer laager. They mistook the waggon for the waggon of Englishmen."

The French Canadians smiled unoffended, but my jaws snapped. Swartz turned to me courteously:

"They mistook the waggon for those of English traders unskilled in arms and trekking provisions to the mines. Though their first rush showed them

their mistake, they went mad over their losses and came on twice more. Then they guessed from the way my cousins reserved their fire, that their ammunition was low. So Matakita howled them on for a fourth rush.

"My cousins and their six Christian Kaffirs were now in alarm, for their cartridges were nearly all gone. It was then that Vassell's fingers groped in his elephant-bullet pouch, where he felt something rounding out the leather. That was the forgotten pebble. But its bigness was too great for the muzzle-loading elephant rifle. So my cousin rammed it into the wide-mouthed, old-fashioned *roer*, a blunderbuss that our fathers' fathers praised because it frightened Kaffirs more than it hurt them. In justice to the *roer* it should have been loaded with a handful of slugs. But with only powder and the pebble it made such flash and noise that all the living wild blacks, but one, ran away howling. The one that fell before Vassell's pebble was the biggest of all, and their leader. There he lay kicking and bellowing like a buffalo bull, ten yards from the waggon.

"While he bawled we knelt in the laager," Vassell told me, "and we offered up thanks for this our deliverance, even like unto the deliverance of David by the pebble of the brook."

"Then they ate breakfast while their Kaffirs unspanned, and still the wild one roared.

"It would be merciful, brother Vassell," said Claas, as they drank coffee, "to put the Lord's creature out of his pain."

"Nay," said Vassell; "my conscience will not consent to what Free State law might call murder. And, moreover, the Kaffir's pain is a plain judgment of the Almighty." Vassell is a dopper, like Oom Paul, and a dopper is quick to see the Almighty operating through himself. So they left the black thief gnashing, with five more who lay still, meat for vultures' beaks or lions' jaws.

"In four or five hours time my cousins were nigh to Truter's drift on

the Modder. There they saw two Englishmen and one Israelite digging into the blue-clay shoal.

"'Good day,' shouts Claas, 'What are you digging for?'

"'Diamonds, Dutchman, d—n you,' said the Englishman, laughing.

"They came out of the river-bed and showed my cousins four rough stones which they had found elsewhere.

"Vassell looked closely at the stones. Then he knew that his pebble had been a great gem. He put innocent, simple dopper questions about the value of diamonds. And the Israelite said that a first-rate stone of the bigness of more than an elephant-bullet would be worth from twelve to twenty thousand pounds. Vassell felt that Israelite's eyes piercing him, and so he gave no more sign of excitement than a skull. But he was wondering if the grandfathers' old roer had sent the pebble through the Kaffir, which seemed unlikely.

"My cousins traded the flesh of a springbok for cartridges, and the English went away up the spruit, while Claas got ready to cross at Truter's. But Vassell made delay; he said that hunger was rummaging his inside.

"'And that was the truth Emanuel,' he told me later, 'for we had trekked since dawn. But it is not always needful to tell all the truth. Was I to arouse in Claas a greedy desire to share in the diamond? True,' said Vassell, 'we had agreed to share and share alike in the hunt, but the stone was not ivory skin, nor meat, and I alone found it. We are commanded to agree with our adversary "in the way with him." And by halting in that place for the boiling of coffee there would be time to pray for direction. If the Almighty would have us trek back to the wounded Kaffir, it would be wise to turn before crossing at Truter's.'

"Of course my cousin Claas, when he heard of Vassell's hunger felt hungry too, and the Kaffirs were told to prepare the meal. Meantime Vassell took his Bible from the waggon-

box and fell on his knees. He expected the Lord would order him back to the Wolwe, and so it happened. But to induce Claas to obey the Lord's direction without understanding the whole thing was the trouble.

"Like an inspiration a familiar text came to Vassell's mind. 'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.' He showed this to Claas as his reason for turning about. The text had a new meaning for Vassell. I tell you again he felt that he had been inspired to remember it. You have to bear that in mind, or you will not rightly understand how his brain was afterward affected.

"'But it would be foolishness to apply the text to a wild Kaffir four hours' trek back,' said Claas.

"'Nay, not if the Kaffir be subdued,' said Vassell.

"'He is more than subdued; he is dead,' said Claas.

"'Nay, he may not yet have perished,' said Vassell. But he felt sure the black was dead. And he felt equally sure he had been inspired to understand that he himself should obtain mercy in the shape of the diamond if he returned even as the good Samaritan to the Kaffir fallen by the way. Still Claas was stiff-necked, until Vassell opened the book at Jeremiah iii. 12: 'Return, . . . for I am merciful, saith the Lord.' He handed it to Claas without a word.

"Claas naturally supposed that Vassell had opened the Bible at random, as the doppers often do when they are seeking direction. And hence Claas saw in this text a clear leading back to the Wolwe. Yet he wished to rest and smoke tobacco for a long hour after eating. But Vassell was greatly inspired with texts that day. He pointed to I Samuel xx. 38: 'Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not.' Then he fell into such a groaning and sighing about it that Claas could not smoke in peace.

"Anything is better than your rumblings, said Claas, and so they hastened on the backward course. 'For,' as Vassell told me, 'I was in deep tribu-

lation of fear lest the vultures might gulp down the diamond or some beak strike it afar.'"

Here the huge old burgher sat up straighter and paused so unexpectedly that his sudden silence was startling. I imagined he listened to something far off in the stillness of the waning moon. Lieutenant Deschamps and the French Canadians sat indifferent, but I sprang up and put hands to my ears. Nothing could I hear but the occasional stamping of our horses, the walking hoofs of our vedettes by the river's bend, and the clinking of swift water over gravel.

"Did you hear something strange?" the patriarch asked me.

"Did you?" I asked.

"Is it likely that a great-grandfather's ears can hear better than a young man's?" he asked courteously.

"But you stopped to listen," I replied.

Then he shamed me by saying gently: "An old voice may need a little rest. But now I will go on:

"My cousins trekked back as fast as their oxen could walk. They found the Kaffir still squirming and covering his eyes from the vultures. This went to Vassell's heart. He could not cut the diamond out of the living. And perhaps it was not in the man. Vassell drove away the vultures and examined the wound. Then his heart was lifted up exceedingly, for, as he told me, 'fear had been heavy in me lest the diamond had gone clear through the Kaffir and been lost on the veldt. But now my fingers felt it under the flesh of his back. An inch more had sent it through. And it seemed so sure the pagan must die before morning that my conscience was clear against extracting the stone in haste.'

"This Wolwe Veldt was then Lion Veldt, and Vassell thought it prudent to carry the Kaffir into the night-laager, for lions bolt big chunks, and the diamond might be in one of them. Claas consented, and so the tame Kaffir lugged the wild one into one of

the ivory-waggon, and left him to die at his leisure.

"Late in the night, Vassell wakened by Claas snoring, felt a strong temptation. He might get up and knife out the stone unseen. 'But I put the temptation away,' he told me, 'for my movement might waken Claas, or the Kaffir might kick or groan under the knife, and my brother might spy on me. So I mercifully awaited the hour when the Lord would let the diamond come into my hands without Claas suspecting anything. Besides, it was against my conscience to cut the Kaffir up warm when it seemed so sure he would be cold before morning.'

"But next morning the Kaffir was neither dead nor alive. And my cousins were keen to see their wives and children. They must trek on. But Vassell could not leave the diamond. 'And to end the Kaffir's life was,' he told me, 'more than ever against my conscience. That first text, 'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy,' kept coming back into my mind. It scared me. It seemed to mean I should have the diamond to myself only if I spared the Kaffir. If I killed him Claas might see me extract the stone and claim half. Moreover, I felt sure the jolting of the waggon would end the pagan soon.'

"So they trekked. When they outspanned at Swartzdorp, two days later, the Kaffir was more alive than on the first day. No reward yet for conscientious Vassell! He stayed only a day with his wife, and then trekked for Bloemfontein with the Kaffir in his horse-waggon. Claas stayed at Swartzdorp. And all at Swartzdorp thought Vassell had gone crazy about the black.

"I was then residing in Bloemfontein, attending a meeting of the Raad. There I saw Vassell gaping at me in the marketplace. Never before had I seen trouble in the man's face. When he told me he had brought a hurt Kaffir all the miles from Swartzdorp I felt sure the man was mad.

"'It may be the Kaffir saved your life from lions?' I asked him.

"'Nay; I saved his life,' he groaned. 'For we are commanded to do good unto our enemies. And, moreover, this is the Kaffir I fired it into.'

"'Fired what?' I asked, not then knowing a word of it all.

"'Emanuel,' he said, 'my soul is deep in trouble, and surely God has sent you to counsel me. He commanded me to bring the Kaffir here. The text he put into my mind will not go out of my mind. I dream of it each night, and I dream of the Kaffir with it, so it must mean him. And to be merciful that I may obtain the promised mercy I have brought him to the hospital.'

"'What does this rant mean? Put it in plain Taal,' I said.

"Vassell looked all about the marketplace, tiptoed his lips to my ear, and whispered, 'Come into my horse-waggon.'

"I climbed up in front under the cover, and then heard breathing behind the seat. There lay the Kaffir. I turned on Vassell with 'You said you brought him to the hospital.'

"'I am afraid to take him there.'

"'Afraid they will require you to pay?'

"'Nay, that is not the trouble. I will reveal all to you.'

"Then he whispered to me all that I have told you, my friends.

"'It was borne in on me,' Vassell said, 'that the surgeons would cut out the diamond to save the Kaffir's life, and thus I should obtain the mercy. But now I am in fear they will not let me be present at the operation. They will keep the diamond if they get time to examine it.'

"'Drive to the hospital,' I said. 'They will let you be present. I will arrange that. Have you money?'

"'Yes; he had sold his four best tusks for English gold. So he had plenty to pay the doctors if a bribe should prove necessary.'

"But it was not needed. The house-surgeon had the Kaffir carried in, and they examined him in our presence. Then they told Vassell it was a beautiful case involving the

kidneys in some extraordinary way, and they wished to watch what would happen if Matakitt lived—that was the outrageous Kaffir's name. To cut the bullet out, they said—for you may be sure Vassell never mentioned diamond to them—would kill the Kaffir. And if they killed him quickly, medical science might forego valuable knowledge which it might gain if they didn't operate an hour before he was quite out of danger by the wound.

"Think of my conscientious cousin's sad situation!" The old giant gazed about on us as if without guile. "Twelve thousand pounds! And the surgeons would not let him take the Kaffir away. Nor would they let Vassell stay in the ward with his diamond! And he dared not tell the doctors why the operation would have comforted him, lest they should secretly explore the Kaffir as diamondiferous clay!"

Here again the tale paused. A sardonic tone had for an instant been steely in the genial voice. But the face of the old man was as in a placid dream. We volunteers, trusting all to our vedettes, grinned, thinking only of Vassell's dilemma. The burgher seemed to ponder on it, or maybe, I thought, he was resting his voice again. So ten seconds passed. Then I heard the rush and grunt of a flac-flarc, the veldt pig. It seemed to have been startled out of the spruit by a vedette, for we faintly heard a horse snort and a man scold. The moon was now very low, but all seemed unchanged except for an increasing restlessness of the picketed horses. They had replied to the snort of the vedette's beast. In an interval of tense silence, the old Africander stared about on our faces with a curious inspection that I now think of as having been one of such pity as the deaf perceive in other men's faces. But at the time I supposed he but wished to assure himself that all were attentively awaiting the rest of his story.

Yet when the old burgher spoke again he seemed to have forgotten the great Swartz diamond.

"Such silence on this veldt!" he murmured. "I remember it alive with

great game. Not twenty miles from here I have lain often awake in the night to a concert of lions and hyenas and jackals, with the stamping of wildebeests, and the barking of quaggas, and the rushing away of springbok and blesbok as the breeze gave them our scent. Now we hear nothing, my friends—nothing whatever moving on the plain?"

"Only the horses and the pickets and the stream," said Deschamps.

"But I," said the old burgher, "hear more. I hear the sounds of ghosts of troops of great game. And I hear with those sounds other sounds as of the ghosts of a needless war." He sighed heavily, and seemed to sink into sad reverie.

Deschamps and his French volunteers would not interrupt him, but I was impatient. "How did your cousin get at the diamond?" I asked.

"He did not get at it." The white-beard roused up amiably and resumed his tale:

"And yet he did not part with it. For six weeks the Kaffir improved in the Bloemfontein hospital. Then the day came when the surgeons told my cousin they could learn nothing more of the lovely case from outside. I do not know whether they really meant to vivisect the Kaffir, but Vassell was sure of it, for he had that diamond on the brain. He longed to have the Kaffir live out his allotted span—at Swartz-dorp.

"Surely I must be with Matakkit at his ending," said Vassell to me.

"Now Matakkit had been told how Vassell had mercifully saved him, and he wished for nothing better than to be Vassell's man. So, in the night, after my cousin had whispered to the Kaffir that the surgeons meant to cut him open, Matakkit jumped out of the hospital window and hurried to Vassell's horse-waggon waiting on the Modder road.

"My friends, to tell you all the sad experience of my cousin with that Kaffir I should need to be with you for a week. Our time for talk together is too short—indeed, I seem to hear it

going in the hackthorn tops. But still I can give you a little more.

"Consider, then, that Vassell's family already thought him demented for bringing the wild black from the Wolwe. Trekking with him to Bloemfontein was worse, and carrying him back appeared complete lunacy. But Vassell was the head of a Boer family and must be obeyed by his household, from Tante Anna, his wife, to the smallest Kaffir baby bred on his farm.

"He told no one but me of the battle in his soul. It was this: the more he longed to knife the diamond out, the more his conscience was warned with that text the Lord had sent him. He had now a fixed idea that he would somehow lose the diamond unless he was merciful to Matakkit.

"Out of sight of the Kaffir my cousin could not be easy, he feared so much the black would run away. To prevent that, Vassell at first carried a loaded rifle all day long. At night he locked the Kaffir in the room partitioned from his own. Its windows he barred with iron bars. This was to save Matakkit from the Christian Kaffirs of the farm. At first they were likely to kill him in the dark, such was their jealousy of the wild man honoured by a bed in the house of the baas, while their own Christian bones had to rest in the huts and the sheds.

"But their jealousy changed to deadly fear of Matakkit. They imagined that he had bewitched the baas. Matakkit, being no fool, soon smelled out that fear. As a witch doctor he lorded it over them. He began to roll in fat, for they brought to his teeth the best of their food. As for their women!

"At last Tante Anna looked into this thing. Then the blood of her mother of the Great Trek ran hot in her. I happened to be visiting there at the time. She herself went at the pagan with the sjambok. Vassell turned his back, for he approved the lashing, but the Kaffir so grovelled and howled under the whip that my cousin's conscience rose up untimely. It told him that he would be guilty, for

the diamond's sake, of complicity in the killing if he did not interfere. Whereupon he took the sjambok from Tante Anna's hands, and ordered her to deal kindly with the Kaffir, as before.

"'Kindly! The black beast is destroying Christianity on our farm!' she wailed. 'I will slay him with my own hands. And I hope I have done it already!'"

"'Alas! no, Anna,' said Vassell. 'He will live. You have but given him a reason to run away.'"

"'Run away? I wish to the Lord he would run away!'"

"'No, no, my woman,' Vassell whispered. 'You do not understand. Tell it to nobody—but the Kaffir is worth twelve thousand English pounds to me!'"

"'She turned to me laughing. 'Twelve thousand pounds. My poor demented man!'"

"'When he dies I will prove it,' said Vassell.

"'What! A dead Kaffir worth a fortune?' She was all contempt for Vassell's folly.

"'Of course he wished to explain to her. But he had an opinion that Matakkit's days might be few if Tante Anna came to understand the meaning of the lump on Matakkit's black back. Vassell's uncontrollable conscience required her to be no more unmerciful to Matakkit. If Anna's sjambok cut out the stone, it might be lost in the litter of the yard.

"'Well, my friends, the word went up and down the Orange Free State, and far into the Colony, and away across the Vaal, that Burgher Vassell Swartz was crazy with kindness for a wild Kaffir! Of course I denied it, and that carried weight, but the mystery grew, for I could not explain the case, so strong was Vassell in holding me to secrecy. To get my cousin out of his trouble I advised him to lend Matakkit to me, but he would not agree. Possibly he suspected me of wishing to dig for the diamond.

"'Ten years this sorrow lasted, and all the time Matakkit grew fatter till he

could scarcely walk. He was the most overbearing black in all South Africa. What he suspected I do not know, but when he became sure Vassell would not let him be hurt much he wantonly abused the patience of even his devoted baas. Poor Vassell! Sometimes, to ease his sorrows, he used the sjambok on Matakkit, but always too gently. Often he raised his gun to end it all; indeed, he got into a way of thinking that the devil was continually instigating him to kill the Kaffir. And every dopper knows that to yield consciously to the devil is the unforgivable sin."

The ancient burgher paused once more. And again we, whose senses were trained but to the narrow spaces between Canadian woodlands, heard nothing but a sudden louder tumult of gathered horses, the hoofs of the vedettes, and the tinkle of the spruit. I could not guess why old Emanuel looked so well pleased. He loomed taller, it seemed, as he squatted. It was as if with new vivacity that he spoke on:

"'The strange things my poor cousin did! I will tell you of, at least, one more. Five years of Matakkit went by, and never again had Vassell gone hunting afar, for he could not leave the fat Kaffir behind, and he feared Matakkit would run away if he got near the country of his tribe. But in the sixth year a new inspiration came to Vassell. The Lord might send a lion if he took Matakkit where lions might be convenient for sending. Doppers always regard lions as dispensations of Providence when they kill pagan Kaffirs. So he brought Matakkit afar to the Lion Veldt. There Vassell would not let his men make a laager—he slept in a waggon himself. And the Lord *did* send a lion in the night. The blacks lay by the fire. And when it fell low that lion bore a man away out into the darkness at two leaps.

"'Baas! baas!' Vassell heard his Kaffirs shout. 'Baas! The lion has taken Matakkit!' For they had been dozing, and now missed the fat black.

"'The Lord had sent the lion, but

the devil was carrying away the diamond. Vassell must be in at the ending, as he had planned. So out with his rifle he sprang, seized a brand, and ran, whirling it into flame, on the dragged body's spoor.

"Come back! Oh, baas, come back! The veldt is full of lions!' So the Kaffirs shrieked. But twelve thousand pounds is not forsaken by a Boer hunter for fear of lions. On Vassell ran. He would beat off the lion with the torch. Happy would be his rich life without Matakitt! Plainly the Lord would be merciful to him because he had been merciful as commanded by the text.

"But from the waggons came now a bawl: 'Baas! Baas! I am here, I, Matakitt! I was in a waggon.' He had sneaked away from the fire. It is but Impugan that the lion has taken.'

"Back went Vassell in rage. Now he would finish the Kaffir! For what would his other Kaffirs, the Christians he had bred, his best hunters, too—what would they think but that he valued the accursed pagan above brave old Impugan and all the rest of them? Yet he only beat out his torch on Matakitt's head before the diseased conscience stayed his hand once more."

Again the white-beard burgher paused. The picketed horses were now still. The moon was gone, and the spruit chattered in starlit darkness. There was no sound of the vedettes, but that was not strange. Yet uneasiness came over me. My comrades shared it. We all stared at the gigantic prisoner with some suspicion that I could not define. He seemed uncanny. From an old man, and especially an old Boer, sneers seemed unnatural. Some diabolical amusement seemed to animate him. As he jeered his cousin he seemed to jeer us. At first I had liked his genial tone. Now he gave me a sense of repulsion. For this I was trying to account when the old burgher stooped and freshened the fire with mealie cobs. The sparks flew high. In that momentary light he resumed his story:

"My cousin Vassell was of my Swartzdorp commando when this war began, but he is now a prisoner in St. Helena. Before he left home with his boys he instructed his wife about Matakitt.

"Be as good to him as you can,' Vassell ordered. 'But if he should come to his end before I return, then be careful to bury him deeper than jackals or hyenas dig. Bury him carefully by'—no matter where; Vassell showed Anna precisely the place.

"The woman wept and fell on her husband's neck, and cried 'Farewell, and fight well; and God bring you and the boys back to me, Vassell, my old heart. You need have no fear but I will carefully bury the Kaffir!'

"Gentlemen!" We all sprang up at the change in the old voice. "Gentlemen—you are my prisoners." The burgher rose up, very hard of face.

Deschamps drew his pistol, I thrust mine almost into the burgher's face. But he spoke firmly:

"What! Shoot your prisoner with his commando surrounding you? Fifty Mausers are levelled on you. Pooh! No! It would be the end of you all. Lieutenant, your horses are seized. Your vedettes are prisoners. They were knocked off their saddles long ago, when you heard nothing but the horses stamping. There was a Boer among them then. He provoked that stamping. It was the signal to strike down your vedettes. Fifty burghers are listening to my voice now. Here, men!" And at the word the Boer surprise came on. "Oom Emanuel! Oh, Oom Emanuel!" was the cry.

"I truly grieve for you, gentlemen," said the old burgher ten minutes later. "You were such good listeners—you had ears for nothing but my story. And because of that I leave you food for a whole day. It will be sufficient, if you march well on foot, to take you to my old friend General Pole. I beg you to give him my compliments. But he will not be in good humour tomorrow. Every one of his patrols within twenty miles has been captured

to-night, unless something has gone wrong with De Wet, which is unlikely. Do not be cast down, lieutenant. You were not to blame. Your ears were not trained to the veldt. Good-by. I invite you to visit me, lieutenant, after this war ends, at my Swartzdorp farm. Then I will tell you the rest of the diamond story."

"But that is not fair, sir," said Deschamps, whimsically. "I have interest in the story, and I want to know how she end."

"It has no end yet." The old burgher smiled broadly. "I was on my way to end it when you stopped me. I hoped to get through more easily without my burghers' aid, but I

told them to follow if they saw me stopped. You missed us in searching the spruit this morning.

"I have really private business at Swartzdorp. Word was brought to me three days ago that Tante Anna dutifully buried Matakis months since. Vassell was the Kaffir's life; I will be his resurrection. A great diamond of the first water is very saleable, and the treasury of the republic is running low."

"But it may not be a diamond of the first water," said I.

"It must be," said the patriarch. "Anything less would be too shabby a mercy to Vassell."

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE persistency of British popular feeling against Germany is doubtless a revelation to the Emperor. He might well have been deceived into thinking that recent unpleasantnesses were in process of being forgotten. He visited his royal uncle a few weeks ago, and, so far as can be learned from the daily prints, he was received by both king and populace with every mark of cordiality. If the accounts which we read of the nature of his reception were not misleading, it is evident that the British people make a fine, metaphysical distinction between the son of the Princess Royal of England and the Emperor of the Germans. Mr. Kipling's verses, though conceived in the style of the pythonesse, nevertheless convey their deliberate meaning of hostility plainly enough:

"There was never a shame in Christendie
They laid not to our door:
And ye say we must take the Winter sea,
And sail with them once more!

"Look south, the gale is scarce o'erpast
That stripped and laid us down
When we stood forth, but they stood fast
And prayed to see us down.

"The dead they mocked are scarcely cold;
Our wounds are bleeding yet;
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt!"

The strength of these lines lies in the fact that they voice an overwhelming public opinion. They have doubtless served to give definiteness and direction to it, but it was there ready to be ignited by the poet's coal of fire. Mr. Kipling occupies a pulpit from which he speaks to the world, and he speaks as the average Englishman in feeling, with a great deal more than the average Englishman's gift of expression. National antipathies between Britain and France have an antiquity that make them historically venerable, but embittered feelings towards the Germans, our allies at Waterloo, is a somewhat new situation.

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When the genesis of it is sought for, it is found, of course, in the rage and antagonism which swept over the German people and which was so unwisely voiced by their newspapers on the breaking out of the South African war. This newspaper outburst followed hard upon the publication of Herr Busch's book on Bismarck, showing how the attitude of the German press towards other nations is inspired and regulated from high quarters.

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It only needed this, following on the Emperor's telegram to President Kruger, to convince the English people not only that their German cousins were ill-disposed towards them, but that were it not for the thousands of leagues of ocean between Kiel and Capetown they would find some of the regiments that overthrew Napoleon III at Sedan confronting British troops in South Africa. This accounts easily enough for John Bull's black looks. But what the origin of Germany's hostile interest in a quarrel between Great Britain and the South African Boers, is not so easily explained. Race may have had something to do with it, but the Boers are not more Teutonic than the English people themselves. Any one who peruses a list of Boer names will recognize how large the Huguenot strain is in what we know as the Boer people. It is not easily accounted for on the ground of natural sympathy with a "little people" engaged in a hopeless struggle, for the Germans as a nation have never been distinguished for outbursts of this species of national altruism. It cannot be said, of course, that racial feeling and chivalric sympathy had not some part in the mixture of emotions that blew such a fierce flame of anti-British sentiment all over Germany, and to some extent, indeed, over the continent generally. In Germany, however, whatever it may have been elsewhere, trade rivalry had undoubtedly a great deal to do with the matter. There is a strong desire on the part of unregenerate man to administer a tap on the head to the

competitor who insists on keeping a few feet in front in spite of the second runner's efforts. This has been the trade positions of Britain and Germany for a great many years. Germany has been straining every nerve to catch up to her lumbering opponent, and unquestionably has done marvellously well, but there are indications that, to maintain the parlance of the foot-race, she is pumped out. As she realizes that her antagonist is still growing strong there is an anxious searching of hearts to account for it, and the strange conclusion appears to have been arrived at that it is the possession of colonies that makes the difference. Immediately there is a great accession of interest about loose and unconsidered trifles of territory that may be lying about the world without an owner. There is Africa, of course, but unfortunately the choice pieces have been already pre-empted. The old land of the Pharaohs, which might have been made something of, is virtually in British hands. The southern point of the continent is also in British hands. South America looks tempting, but the Monroe doctrine bars the way. There is China to be exploited, and in order that she may be in at the death, Germany plants one foot at Kiaochow. There still remains a tempting tit-bit. North of the British possessions in South Africa are the two free States of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. In the first-named is situated the richest gold field in the world and a great modern city has arisen in the neighbourhood. The majority of the people are of Germanic blood. Owing to the altitude of the land the climate is one in which the white man thrives, so long as he gets the black man to do most of the hard work. It would make a very pretty German colony. The people are strongly anti-British, and a number of European adventurers carefully fan this feeling into flame. Does anybody suppose that in certain circles in Germany there was not the most perfect intelligence as to the number of Krupp and Creuzot guns which the

peaceful little pastoral colony on the Vaal river was steadily procuring, and the tens of thousands of Mauser rifles that were hastily being purchased? They knew a great deal more about these things in Germany than they did in Great Britain, although we are asked to believe that British statesmen had in the front of their minds for years how they might steal Johannesburg. If so, they prepared for their enterprise in a curious way by finding their own possessions exposed to the attack of the enemy as soon as war broke out, and having so little knowledge of the numbers, equipment and resources of their enemy that they absurdly underestimated all three. The rage and rancour of the German press at this time may have arisen from something else, but it will be hard to convince Englishmen that it did not arise from the chagrin with which one sees a coveted prize slip from his fingers.

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Whatever the cause, however, the resentment it has caused in Great Britain is widespread. One aggressive English monthly, which appears to have the support of the influential classes, makes hostility to Germany the *piece de resistance* of its monthly bill of fare. The extent of the feeling may be gathered when we find so grave and responsible a weekly as *The Spectator* talking in this wise five months ago:—

"There was a time when this country would have been willing to prevent Germany being destroyed between the hammer and anvil of Russia and France. No such action would now be possible. The German world-policy is fully understood in this country, and it would be absolutely impossible to get the nation to do anything to help Germany. We may tolerate our Government making minor arrangements with Germany, under which she obtains certain concessions, and we get a large dose of public contumely as our share, but no German alliance, however apparently tempting the terms, would now be tolerated. What is more, if we were ever to be involved in war with Germany we should certainly now make France's quarrel our own, and not leave off till Alsace-Lorraine had been restored to France. We shall certainly not attack the Germans wantonly, but if war were to come now we should realize the momentous nature of the conflict."

This having been the feeling five months ago, the wonder is that Lord Lansdowne should ever have braved it by venturing on the present partnership in the coercion of Venezuela, more especially as it promised to awaken suspicions in the United States. There is a disposition to believe that the Foreign Secretary was influenced by the irresistible pressure of royal liking when the related monarchs recently broke bread together with their men of affairs about them. This is by no means improbable, and if the King had it in his mind to improve the relations between the two peoples he is more to be praised than blamed, for that is one function that a king may exercise in a more successful degree than any unroyal statesman. It is not at all likely, if so, that the move has had the effect intended, and no such effect can be produced while the English people believe that their monarch's nephew merely uses them to draw his chestnuts out of the fire.

There is an explanation of the action of the two Powers which suggests a powerful collateral influence in bringing it about. Finance and trade are the modern monarchs, perhaps more powerful in the antechambers of Ministers than the kings and emperors whom they ostensibly serve. It is not merely the desirability of impressing on Venezuela the sacredness of foreign investments within her borders, but by making a salutary example of one recalcitrant State, the United States the meanwhile standing by, other offenders or would-be offenders receive notification of what is in store for them. The neutrality and composure of the United States under the circumstances may well be accounted for in the same way. American capital has doubtless made itself influential at Washington in support of the aims of British and German capital. Their interests are, one and all, involved in a recognition of the inviolability of investments in all parts of the world, and their influence is as far-reaching as it is silent and invisible to the general ear or eye. When the memoirs of

this age come to be published it will be better known how pervasive and powerful this interest has been.

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What strikes one about Germany's foreign policy is a certain recklessness that it betrays. At the present moment she has no warm friend in Europe. It may be answered that the same might be said about Great Britain. But the two cases are wholly different. German Ministers can scarcely forget that their officials are administering two provinces which Frenchmen still regard as part of France. And this same France has an alliance with Russia. So that on both her borders Germany has powerful neighbours in close alliance, one of them believing that the Teuton is in possession of stolen goods. Her alliance with Austria and Italy is of an extremely tepid character. Now she has incurred a resentment in England so deep that a monthly magazine seems to exist mainly for the purpose of intensifying the hostility. In view of this situation, M. Ernest Le Francais, a French authority on world politics, deals with the outlook in a recent number of the *Grande Revue*. He assumes a rather schoolmasterly tone towards Great Britain, tells her that if she is looking for allies she must give up all idea of remaining supreme on the sea, and must give in her adhesion to the policy of a restoration to France of Alsace-Lorraine. The history of the nineteenth century, he says, will bring out in strong relief the dominant part played therein by a single nation, namely, Great Britain. She succeeded in building up a vast empire beyond the sea that grew continually, while

the old colonial empires of Spain and Portugal shrunk bit by bit. There was a moment when it might well be asked if the whole world outside of Europe was not destined to become British. Not a cannon could be fired without her leave. The greatest nations on the continent felt honoured by her mere friendship. All this is changing, he says. Her rivals have been growing faster than she has, and she will be compelled to seek the alliance of some of them, and the Franco-Russian alliance, he says, is the obviously best one.

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There is not the faintest indication in the article that the empire which M. Le Francais acknowledges was built up beyond the seas will play any part in the new conditions. He admits that the United States has risen during the past century to be one of the great Powers of the world, but appears to be oblivious of the fact that Britain's colonial empire will in all certainty be the development wonder of the twentieth century, just as the United States was the wonder of the last. If Mr. Le Francais would pay a visit to even one of these colonies, namely, that in North America, he would realize that there are forces that he has not reckoned with in his article. If he were asked what would be the effect on world-politics of the whole-hearted and enthusiastic alliance with Great Britain of a young nation, say half as powerful as the present United States, he would, of course, answer that it would be decidedly disturbing, and yet that is what in no short time British North America may become, not to mention Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By
M. Maclean Helliwell

WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Spring,
"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," Summer said.
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Fall.
"I give them luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?

"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered,
"I give them rest."

—Alice May Douglas

THAT Canada is the home of all outdoor sports and athletic pastimes has long been recognized, but it is only within recent years that the women of the Dominion have turned their attention to those invigorating amusements which have always so fascinated their brothers—golfing, bowling, hockey, and curling.

Of these it is only to be expected, since by heredity and training the average woman is mistress of the broom, that the fair devotees of curling should exceed in number and enthusiasm the female followers of almost every other kindred sport, and that the Province of Quebec, where Winter reigns uninterruptedly, absolute monarch, from early Autumn until late Spring, should be able to boast the most flourishing ladies' curling clubs in the Dominion.

The Montreal Ladies' Curling Club is the first in order of seniority, but the fair curlers of the quaint old walled

city are second to none in energy and enthusiasm.

The Quebec Ladies' Curling Club was established in 1898, and in 1900 joined with Montreal and Lachine in subscribing for a challenge cup. For two years the cup remained in Montreal, but in 1902 the long-coveted trophy was borne in triumph to Quebec, only to be carried back again to Montreal last December, after one of the most keenly-contested curling matches ever held in the Quebec rink. Indeed, the Montrealers owe their victory to one masterly *coup* on the part of their skip, Miss Smith. Quebec had taken the lead and was keeping it bravely until Miss Smith's brilliant shot made a difference of 8 points against Quebec, thus assuring the match to Montreal.

The disappointment of the ladies of Quebec over the loss of the Provincial Championship Cup was fully assuaged on the following day when the same teams played the first match for the Coronation Curling Cup and victory perched on the banners of Quebec, worthily won by a majority of seventeen points.

The ladies taking part in these two matches were:

| QUEBEC | MONTREAL |
|--------------|---------------|
| Rink No. 1 | Rink No. 1 |
| Miss Breakey | Miss Hamilton |
| Miss Pope | Miss Dunlop |
| Mrs. Brown | Miss Clay |
| Miss Brodie | Miss Bond |
| (Skip) | (Skip) |

| QUEBEC | MONTREAL |
|----------------|------------------|
| Rink No. 2 | Rink No. 2 |
| Miss Rattray | Miss Tyre |
| Miss E. Fry | Miss Ryde |
| Mrs. G. Laurie | Miss S. Johnston |
| Mrs. B. Scott | Miss M. Smith |
| (Skip) | (Skip) |

The Coronation Curling Cup is a new trophy this season, subscribed for by the Montreal, Lachine, St. Lawrence (of Montreal), Ormstown, and Quebec Ladies' Curling Clubs, and all the clubs interested expect it to be the *raison d'être* of many interesting and exciting matches.

Miss Pope, the Secretary of the Quebec Ladies' Curling Club, informs us that the club plays "Medal shots" or "points" once a week, on club mornings, the two senior and junior mem-

Besides being a healthful and most invigorating pastime, curling cannot fail to aid in developing in its faithful followers many desirable qualities, such as precision, good judgment, steady nerves, a far-seeing eye and a sure hand, to say nothing of such trifles as self-control and good-nature.

The Editor of *Woman's Sphere* is not an ardent advocate of "the strenuous life" for women, and would not write down Hockey, for instance, as a very attractive or desirable feminine pas-



CURLING—MONTREAL LADIES VS. QUEBEC LADIES

bers who respectively make the highest individual scores during the month each securing a prize. Once a month the club gives a tea, on which occasion they usually play an interesting match with curlers of the opposite sex.

In 1901 the club played a very exciting match of 21 ends (the Quebecers being the only ladies' rink we know of playing more than 16 ends to a game) with a picked team from the gentlemen's club. The ladies played a notably strong game, scoring 22 against their opponents' 23.

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time; but curling, as a dignified and at the same stimulating recreation for women, young and old, should receive the hearty support and encouragement of both sexes.

The value of a thorough training in Domestic Science is becoming every day more widely realized. True, there are still to be found many dear old ladies who maintain that the place for a girl to receive her domestic education is at her mother's elbow, in her mother's kitchen; but the clear-minded

and unprejudiced modern woman is fully aware that the old conditions which made it possible for every girl to become versed in the secrets of skilful cookery and household management in her own home, have changed materially within the last decade. There are now numberless excellent reasons—many of which will doubtless immediately suggest themselves to the reader—why it is highly advisable for the young women of the present generation to take up a regular course in Domestic Science under a competent and thoroughly qualified instructor.

The conditions of life are becoming daily more complex, and every hint or suggestion offered a woman whereby she can simplify her own life and the lives of those around her should be eagerly seized upon and assimilated.

I shall not dwell upon this point, because I hope to say something about it next month, and because to elaborate it in this connection were "wasteful and ridiculous excess" of words, since the advantage gained by the well-trained, systematic housekeeper over

her incapable, systemless sister is obvious.

Moreover, the rapid onward march of science during the past few years has aroused in men an interest in gastronomics which goes farther than the palate—that old arbiter of good and bad whom modern knowledge has ruthlessly deposed. It is now not enough that a certain article of food *tastes* good; it must *be* good and *do* good. Therefore the priestess of the family table should have some intelligent idea of dietetics and the chemistry of foods, and the mother who is hopelessly at sea with regard to the percentage of this, that and the other element in every-day foodstuffs, and who, in a maze of bewilderment is constantly hearing that many of what she had been taught to consider highly nutritious and fattening articles of diet are often the worst things an individual can put into his mouth, is only too delighted to send her daughter to a school where she may be instructed in all the lore and wisdom that Domestic Science can impart.

Everyone knows that the honour of starting and spreading the work of Domestic Science in Canada belongs to Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless, of Hamilton, who devotes so much time and energy in endeavouring to arouse the interest of the public in this important branch of study.

The Ontario School of Domestic Science in Hamilton owes its existence to her, and is, we believe, the pioneer school of this kind in Canada; but one by one the other cities are following Hamilton's example, and let us hope that it will not be long before every city and town in the Dominion will contain at least one flourishing school of Domestic Science.

The illustration which, through the courtesy of the Secretary, we are able



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CURLING MATCH IN QUEBEC
BETWEEN THE LADIES OF MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

to reproduce this month, pictures the interior of the Domestic Science Department of the Brantford Young Women's Christian Association.

of Mr. T. H. Preston, the local member, equipped by the Ontario Government, and given an annual Government grant of five hundred dollars in

INTERIOR OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE SCHOOL, BRANTFORD



This department, which was founded a year ago with much trepidation on the part of the directors of the Association, was, through the personal interest

addition to the Public School Board's subscription of three hundred dollars.

The Secretary reports that from the date of opening, the school has

grown steadily and has already proved its right to, and the need for, its existence.

The course of instruction includes plain cooking, laundry work, the chemistry of food, the sanitary conditions in a home, economical marketing, and directions how to buy with the very best results.

The classes are under the direct supervision of the Public School and the Y.M.C.A. Boards, and the Secretary writes that the students "are from the public schools, collegiate institute, and homes of the city, and are enthusiastic, bright girls, giving every promise that when they have completed the three years' course, they will go out intelligent homemakers, knowing how to prevent waste, and how to promote the health and comfort of the household."

Public Opinion gives the following interesting account of an address recently delivered by that versatile and brilliant young lady, Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, who is so prolific a contributor to the current magazines:

The good ladies of the Pilgrim Mothers' society in New York city were treated to some very frank advice by Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, when that young lady addressed them last week on *The Girls of the Future*. I hope "the young girl of the future," she said, "may find no greater responsibilities, no wider paths, no more difficulties than the girl of the present has. Many women who are most valiantly anxious to gain their rights have always forgotten one thing—that the party of the first part, our brothers, are to-day where they were in the beginning; they have always the same advantages, the same responsibilities, the same difficulties, and, fortunately, they have the training to meet them. The girl has all of these things—and 753 extra tasks. And her back is no stronger and her shoulders are just as small as they ever were. I do not think there is much difference between the girl of to-day and Eve. The girl

of the future will be definitely obliged to choose between her ever-present privileges and her rights. And, if anybody were to ask me, I would advise her to hang on to her privileges and let her rights go."

Miss Daskam finds two qualities absolutely essential in an entirely satisfactory girl, whether she is in Massachusetts or the South Sea Islands. She must be good and she must be charming, for in her opinion goodness without charm, and charm without goodness are equally valueless.

The Chinese have a great number of very short but very expressive and pithy maxims, among which are found the following, which are worth considering, all but the first, which is, of course, absurd!—

"The tongue of women is their sword, and they never suffer it to grow rusty."

"The mind of a young creature cannot remain empty. If you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil."

"Little reading with much thinking is a more probable way to make a man learned than very much reading without due reflection."

"The meanest man may be useful to the greatest, and the most eminent stand in need of the lowest; in a building the highest and lowest stones add to their own mutual stability."

"He built a house, time laid it in the dust;
He wrote a book, its title now forgot;
He ruled a city, but his name is not
On any tablet graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched cot,
Who on the State dishonour might have
brought,
And reared him in the Christian's hope and
trust.
The boy, to manhood grown, became a
light
To many souls, and preached to human
need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied, like stars at night,
When darkness deepens; every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument."

—Selected

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



AS they often are, the people of New Brunswick are now excited over politics. In Feb., 1899, the present Legislature was elected. Its four-year lease of life expires this month and an election is inevitable.

POLITICAL STIR
IN NEW
BRUNSWICK.

For many years previous to 1896, the Hon. Mr. Blair controlled the New Brunswick Legislature, securing support from men of both political parties. He was succeeded by three men



who followed in his footsteps and maintained a Coalition Government. These three were Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Emmerson and Mr. Tweedie, successively Premiers of the Province. Mr. Emmerson was the leader at the last election, so that the present occupant of the office, Mr. Tweedie, has never led in a general appeal to the Province. He is supported by all but seven of the present forty-six members, and it is hardly likely that he will be defeated, although his majority may be reduced.

The course that Mr. Tweedie will pursue is at present doubtful. The *St. John Telegraph*, Mr. Blair's organ, has indicated its preference for a straight party fight, Mr. Tweedie to declare himself a Liberal and Mr. Hazen, the leader of the Opposition, and his following to be labelled as Conservatives. This policy seems to suit Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Dominion Conservative party. Many people in the Province say that the people should be divided on party lines as they are in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and Nova Scotia, that it would facilitate matters in Dominion elections, and that it would cause less embarrassment in appointments to offices in the gift of the local Legislature. Yet Mr. Tweedie and his followers hesitate. Such strong journals as the *St. John Globe* and the

Moncton Transcript are not convinced that it would be best for the Province.

Mr. Hazen, the leader of the Opposition, does not seem inclined to force a party fight. He apparently favours local issues only, his chief plank being a proposed reduction in the number of members in the Legislature. New Brunswick has only one-sixth the population of Ontario, but has just one-half as many members in its Legislature. Reasoning from the Ontario basis, there should be only about sixteen members in the New Brunswick Legislature instead of forty-six.

Mr. Hazen formerly represented St. John in the Ottawa House, and has shown himself a capable man during his tenancy of his present position. Mr. Tweedie's career is described elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Pugsley, the present Attorney-General, is a lawyer with a reputation and a politic manner. Mr. Labillois, Chief Commissioner of Public Works, represents the French-Canadian element in the Province. Mr. Dunn is Surveyor-General and Mr. Farris Commissioner of Agriculture.

In New Brunswick each voter may print or write his own ballot. There is no official ballot-paper. Each elector is at liberty to prepare his own ballot,



FRANK PEDLEY, DEPUTY MINISTER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

and to write on that ballot the names of the candidates for whom he votes.

EACH VOTER
MAY WRITE
HIS OWN BALLOT.

All the law stipulates is that it shall be of white paper. The usual practice, however, is for each party to print its own ballots. If there are four candidates on each side in the constituency, and there are in some, each side will prepare printed ballots containing the names of their four candidates. Electors can get these before they enter the booth or afterwards. If a doubtful voter is brought up to the polling booth, he is given a ballot as he enters, and the person interested may watch to see that this particular piece of paper is deposited in the ballot-box. It is only a shade better than open voting. When voters are bought, the purchaser can readily ascertain, beyond peradventure, whether the vote has been delivered or not. If a voter is timid, his timidity cannot be hidden in a screened booth as in other Canadian elections.

In New Brunswick they laugh at such expressions as "the sacredness of the ballot." There is nothing sacred about it. The average voter lets his light shine before men, so that they may see his good work—and, if he has insisted upon it, pay him for the good work. If the reader doubts whether or not the system is alluring, let him ask himself what would be the effect of such a ballot system in his province or town.

Of course the official ballot, as used elsewhere in Canada, is not an ideal one. It is marked in secret. It cannot be identified except by the D. R. O.'s signature and the number, and these are not supposed to be seen by any but impartial officials. Yet there are times when politicians go to the trouble of finding out how certain persons voted. This discovery can be made if the officials permit it. Then there are all the difficulties which arise over the marks that

are made by a different coloured pencil, in the wrong spot, in two places, or are peculiar in other respects. An over-zealous D. R. O. may, with a piece of lead, spoil a ballot during the counting by putting an additional mark upon it. In New Brunswick the marks do not count for or against. The printed names are the absolute guide.

The voting machine may be the ideal system of the future, but apparently the present must get along as best it can with an imperfect system. No perfect machine has yet been invented, and for that we must wait.

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The indifference of the public toward good government is often shown when "bonuses" are voted upon in towns and cities. The majority of citizens will not take the trouble to make a decision and to cast a ballot. It was the same indifference which made so small a vote

PUBLIC
INDIFFERENCE.

on December 4th in Ontario, when the people were asked, "Are you in favour of bringing into force The Liquor Act, 1902?" At least 500,000 persons should have marked their ballots on that day, but only little more than half that number appeared. The prohibitionists polled 200,000 votes, the anti-prohibitionists 100,000.

The Act does not come into force. Under the terms laid down by the Legislature, a vote of at least 216,000 was required before the Act should become an enforceable part of the law. The old license-system must therefore remain in force. Breweries, distilleries and barrooms are still legal industries.

The most regrettable feature of the whole proceeding is this public indifference. Politicians and boomsters are learning to count upon it, and to take advantage of it. Universal suffrage is a splendid principle *per se*, but what is gained by conferring the privilege upon those who fail to exercise it? Further, this indifference is most marked in the rural constituencies. In Toronto, nearly 28,000 ballots were cast, which is a normal vote. In the country, the vote was very light. Are we to conclude that the prosperous Ontario farmer, even in the slack season of the year, is not sufficiently interested in social and moral questions to go to the polls and mark his ballot on a great occasion as this? Are we to conclude that the comfortable mechanic in the village and the town, in spite of the influence of the daily paper now found regularly in his home, is indifferent to social reform or special legislation?

We require special investigation of this phase of our national life. If the suffrage is becoming too common to be valued, then it should be restricted. If it is useless

as a moral force, let a new instrument for recording public opinion be invented. If the present system of scattered polling booths is unsatisfactory because it demands too much effort on the part of the voter, then let us have deputy-returning officers who will go to the houses of the voters and there collect the ballots that have been marked in advance and placed in sealed envelopes to await his arrival. If a Dominion Senator absents himself from his seat in the Senate for two consecutive sessions, his place is declared vacant; perhaps it would be advisable to disenfranchise every man who absents himself from two consecutive pollings. Surely there is a remedy of some kind. Acquiescence in the present indifference will lead to special legislation in favour of the classes and the corporations and to loose conduct on the part of the professional politicians and the political machines.



H. L. HAZEN, LEADER OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK OPPOSITION

BOOK REVIEWS



THE KRUGER MEMOIRS

MR. PAUL KRUGER'S "Memoirs," which have just appeared, are interesting, though somewhat disappointing records of the life and career of the great Dutch leader of his people in South Africa. They are interesting, as all documents coming from such a source and from so remarkable a personality must be interesting, dealing with a man of such prominence in the Dutch communities in the once Dark Continent. They are disappointing in that, as a "human document," they do not come directly from Mr. Kruger himself, but appear in the form of notes taken down by a private secretary, and by one of the ex-President's former under-secretaries, the whole being edited by a Dutch clergyman in Holland, and amplified by answers to interrogations during a lengthened series of colloquies with Mr. Kruger at Utrecht. This process of memoir-writing, however explained by the circumstances, rather detracts from the value of the volumes, and will doubtless be objected to (as indeed has occurred) where statements are made in the work of a controversial character, by persons who challenge their accuracy and refuse to consider them as directly stated and dispassionately recorded facts of history. Nor does it seem to us, in a cursory first examination of the work, that there is much positively new in the volumes in regard to the history of the country and to Britain's relations with the Transvaal and its sturdy burghers (with the events of the late war, not being him-

self an actual participant in it, Mr. Kruger hardly deals); while what is dealt with comes from a source naturally adverse to Britain, and with strong and decided prejudices against the Government and people of that nation. When this has been said, however, all has been said that can truthfully be advanced by readers of the work, who, whatever side they may have taken in the late struggle, desire to ascertain the truth and get at incontestable facts calmly, dispassionately, and unprejudicially related.

It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the volumes, considering their source, are not colourless in their recorded annals, still less are they neutral in the presentation of the ostensible writer's strong and resolutely held views. The story throughout is the Boer story, with all the emphasis characteristic of Mr. Kruger's pronouncements, and with that impassioned (we had almost said in the Hebraic religious sense) inspired force of anti-British hostility and objurgation natural to Mr. Kruger, which was to be looked for in one of his mood, temper, and life-long struggle in the interest of Dutch domination and ascendancy in South Africa. Natural as is this attitude in the dictating of these volumes, and, from the Boer point of view, important in its influence on the minds of those who have been in sympathy with the burghers of the veldt and have taken their side in the late war, it may be questioned whether the Memoirs will help the cause of peace and harmony among the diverse and dis-

cordant races of South Africa, and promote the work of reconstruction and resettlement in the blood-stained and fire-desolated scenes of the recent unhappy contest. This, it may be said, is an ultra-humanitarian view of the matter, and one that may equally be advanced (as we would certainly also advance it) in writing of any essentially controversial work that has emanated from, and partisanly takes the British side of the controversy. But aside from this thought, and the fear that the work will by its acrimonious tone and its author's uncurbed hatred of Britain and British diplomats will foster, rather than allay, Boer disaffection in the Transvaal, the Memoirs have many chapters of interest, even though the ground traversed is familiar to those at least who have closely followed the recent trend of South African events. The volumes are replete with pious exhortations, and with threats of the judgments of Heaven upon all but his own shrewd, homely race and seventeenth-century chosen nation. Naturally enough, they also manifest Mr. Kruger's unbounded belief in himself as the leader and prophet of his people, and the denouncer, if not the discomfiter, of his own and their enemies. In this respect the patriarchal ex-President is an interesting human study, and, in a sense, a picturesque survival of some old-time Homeric hero.

Apart from the history in the narratives the Memoirs have some entertaining reading in treating of Mr. Kruger as a hunter in his youth and early manhood, for the region into which he and his people trekked was at the time full of fierce and wild game, including not only buffaloes, giraffes, and hippopotami, but also lions and elephants. A pathetic though thrilling interest also centres in the accounts given of the burgher wars with the Matebele Kafirs, Basutos, and other turbulent natives, who long kept the little sturdy Dutch handful on the veldt in constant jeopardy, though amply and oftentimes ruefully avenged. Aside from matters political, these chapters will be

found absorbing reading, not to speak of what is said of the gold discoveries in the country, and of the incoming of the British workers of the mines, circumstances that Mr. Kruger, of course, deplures, and sees in them the real provocation to war. G. M. A.



THE PIT*

When Mr. Frank Norris finished revising the proofs of "The Pit" he left for California to start on a journey round the world. He had projected a great trilogy of the Epic of the Wheat. "The Octopus" dealt with the production, "The Pit" with the distribution and "The Wolf" was to deal with the consumption of American wheat. On this tour around the world he was to collect material for the only unfinished part, "The Wolf." Mrs. Norris' health delayed the departure, and they settled upon a California ranch for the winter. Suddenly he was attacked with appendicitis and, on October 25th, he died in San Francisco.

Frank Norris was of the school of Zola—a realist. He had plenty of romanticism in his nature, but systematically and sternly repressed it for the sake of what he considered to be greater in the realm of fiction. His friends relate the story of how, one day, he came to his office trembling with excitement, incapacitated for work, boiling over with nervous enthusiasm. "I have got a big idea, the biggest I ever had," was his cry. That idea was his Trilogy of the Wheat—the Epic of the American peoples. "The Octopus" was somewhat disappointing, but "The Pit" is better. In it wheat is the central figure of growth and wealth but kept in the background of a splendid story. It is the story of a great "corner" which failed, the story of "a human insect, impotently striving to hold back with his puny hands the output of the whole world's granaries."

It is a relief to turn from the crude, inartistic pages of "The Letters of a

* Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

"Business Man to His Son" to this bit of excellent fiction, in which there is human sympathy, masterly delineation and artistic colouring. It is like turning from the writings of an amateur reporter to those of the masterly writings of a great editor; or like passing from the crayon sketch of the first-year art student to the canvas of a man who has studied art in the schools of the masters and studied life on several continents. It is a piece of realism which must rank close beside those great works of his master, "Rome," "Paris," "Fécundité."



DOGS IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE*

"My Dogs in the Northland" is the latest of Rev. Egerton R. Young's interesting volumes concerning his missionary experiences in Northern Canada. The stories of his various dogs are well told and their characters admirably delineated. The instinct, the intelligence, the strength and the wickednesses of the Eskimo or Huskie dogs have never been more charmingly set forth. The perils, escapes and emergencies of a traveller in the Northlands are such as must stir the most sluggish reader, and Mr. Young has had his share of them. Travel by dog-train has long been and must long remain the distinctive method of winter transportation in the Hudson's Bay country and Northwestern Canada. This volume will, therefore, be interesting not only to every animal lover but to everyone who desires to know something of the manner of life which is lived in that great district.



NOTES

The Historical Pub. Co., of Toronto, has issued a neat catalogue of rare Canadian publications.

The Kit-bag is a new monthly published in St. John, N.B., with Theodore Roberts as editor. It is small but bright.

* Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.

"The Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason, which ran serially in *THE MAGAZINE*, is having a wonderful vogue in the United States.

"Successful Advertising: How to Accomplish It," is a business-like volume for business-like people. The author is J. Angus MacDonald, and the publishers The Lincoln Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

"A Blaze of Glory," by John Strange Winter, is light, pleasant reading, and shows that the hand and brain of the authoress of "Bootles' Baby" have not in the least deteriorated. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen.)

"Day-Dreams" is the title of a small collection of verses by Frank Morris, a lover of childhood and of nature. Mr. Morris is a teacher in Trinity College School, Port Hope, and his volume has been printed only for private circulation.

The *Studio* for December 15th (English edition) contains an article on Henry Sandham, a Canadian artist. Several of his water-colours, painted in the Azores, are reproduced, and one is done in colours. This publication is kept up to a high level of artistic excellence.

The January *Acadiensis* opens the third volume of this excellent quarterly, "devoted to the interests of the Maritime Provinces of Canada." The editor, David Russell Jack, is keeping alive the interest in the political, social and intellectual history of that part of Canada.

The Macmillan Company, of New York, are authority for the following figures concerning the sales of some recent fiction: "The Crisis," 400,000; "The Choir Invisible," 250,000; "The Virginian," 175,000; "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," 120,000. People are buying much fiction now-a-days, and one wonders if they read it understandingly or if they just read it.

"The Little Organist of St. Jerome" is a short story by Annie L. Jack, which gives the title to a small volume of her work issued by William Briggs. There is promise in these stories, be-

cause the author writes well and makes an honest attempt to picture the life of Quebec and eastern Canada as she sees it. There is, perhaps, too much preaching and too little storytelling in some of the tales; but, after all, this is not a grave fault.

The Canadian Almanac for 1903 is even better than ever. It is now in its 56th year, and is undoubtedly the best reference book issued in the country. Each year new features are being added, so that its field broadens steadily. The lists of barristers, clergy, members of Parliament and post offices are supplemented by a wonderful mass of small information presented in accurate and compact form.

It is reported in England that the task of preparing the memoirs of the late Lord Dufferin has been entrusted to Sir Alfred Lyall. The London *Outlook* thinks a wiser choice might easily have been made, and labels Sir Alfred's Life of Tennyson as trite, amorphous, unilluminating, didactic and atterpene. This is terrible. Surely, Lady Dufferin changed her mind when she read that issue of the *Outlook*.

It will be learned with regret, though hardly with surprise (says the *Westminster Gazette*), that Dr. George MacDonald, the poet and novelist, is in very feeble health. The veteran writer is now nearing his seventy-eighth birthday. His first volume, "Within and Without," was issued in 1856; his last work, "Rampolli," in 1897—his literary activity thus covering a period of forty years. Dr. MacDonald has been living with his son at Haslemere since May last.

The McGill University Magazine, (Montreal: A. T. Chapman) for December, 1902, contains as frontispiece a fine photogravure of Rev. G. J. Mountain, first Principal of McGill University, 1829-1835. Among the notable articles in this issue are, "The Fruits of Diplomacy," by A. H. U. Colquhoun; "The Evolution of the Habitant," by Helen Rorke; "Hasty Notes and Judgments," by John Mc-

Crae; "Jane Austen," by C. W. Colbey," and "The University Arms" of McGill, by Prof. J. G. Adami.

"The Sailing of the Long Ships," a poem which describes the British and Colonial troopships on their way to South Africa, in October, 1899, gives the title to a volume of striking verse by Henry Newbolt, editor of *The Monthly Review*. There is more of the modern spirit in these verses than in the work of any other British poet, with the exception of Rudyard Kipling. They surpass his work when they attempt to show that behind all our activity there still lives humanitarian thoughts and sympathies. (Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.)

The Copp, Clark Co. have published a new edition of "The Lane that Had No Turning," in which are gathered some of the celebrated author's charming tales of Pontiac and the Provinces. One of the stories, "The Absurd Romance of P'tite Louison," will be remembered by those Torontonians who had the pleasure of hearing it read by Sir Gilbert Parker himself some two or three years ago. Sir Gilbert is the foremost Canadian novelist, and this edition made uniform with the author's other works should be appreciated. It is further enhanced by a frontispiece picture of Madelinette by Frank E. Shoonover.

Early in his literary career, the late Frank Stockton, in conjunction with his brother, John, wrote many poems with which they afflicted the editors of various periodicals. The effusions came back always. The editor of one magazine was an especial target of the Stocktons, but as none of their poems were ever accepted, the brothers came to the conclusion that this editor had no conception of good poetry. To prove their belief, they hunted up and despatched to him an ode little known from Milton. Within two days they received a cheque and a letter of thanks. "I came to the conclusion that that editor knew poetry when he saw it, after all," Mr. Stockton used to say; "and gave up trying to write it."



IDLE MOMENTS

THE UN- KNOWN GREAT

SEEK you the
greatest man
on earth,
For talent, gen-
ius, bravery,
birth,
Or title other-
wise to fame,

And to a world encircling name?
Then search not in the ranks of those
Whom everyone already knows;
The authors, statesmen, poets, swells,
Of whom the current gossip tells;
These men, perhaps, are—in a way—
To be called great, as people say,
But you would scarcely pick out one
As Greatest Man Beneath the Sun.
Nay, if that paragon you'd find,
You first must educate your mind,
And somewhat change your point of view
To look at things with vision new—
That is, survey the human race
More from a Certain Party's place.
This Certain Party may, perchance,
Reside in Canada or France,
In Africa, or Spain, or Prussia,
Or in the States, or Wales, or Russia—
In city, village, hamlet, town,
Or on a farm, and may be known
To but the folks who live next door,
With, perhaps, another favoured score,
Known, that is, simply as a neighbour,
Who works (or lives without hard labour),
Who runs a mill, or keeps a shop,
Or cobbles boots, or sells his crop.
Or plies some other humble trade
By which a living's to be made;
Here, in this personage obscure,
You have your man—though, to be sure,
To apprehend his Greatness, you
Must take, I say, *his* point of view,
Which is—apart from all the man,
And right before a looking-glass.
He is Protean—there's many of him,
And often you can't help but love him,
His self-conceit is so sublime!
If his vast genius runs to rhyme,
You'll have a lot of quiet fun
Hearing him talk of Tennyson,
With lofty, patronizing air,
Most earnest, yet most rich and rare.
And so-forth—whatsoe'er his fad,

His egotism keeps him glad,
And never does it discompose him,
To know that no one really knows him.

Oh, Self-conceit, thou spirit pure,
Solace and joy of the obscure,
We ought to praise thee, not to blame,
For these great ones of unknown name
Thou dost with Fame's full sweetness bless,
Sparing its gall and bitterness!

J. W. B.

MR. EDDY'S JOKE

A good story is told of Mr. E. B. Eddy, the famous match-maker of Hull. Mr. Eddy, though seventy-eight years of age, has the clean-shaven, bright face of a man of forty, with equally quick movements of mind and body. Last August the Canadian manufacturers held their annual meeting at Halifax, and Mr. Eddy was one of those present.

At the close of one of the early gatherings, a respectable-looking gentleman presented himself before the secretary's table, announced that he was a newspaper man and that he desired some information. This particularly young and aggressive secretary made haste to make himself agreeable, and to pour out upon the journalist all the wealth of information in his possession. Afterwards when the secretary met Mr. Eddy, he realized that he had been hoaxed, for Mr. Eddy and the pseudo-journalist were one and the same man. The joke was too good to be kept, and now the Secretary is rather proud of being the victim of it.

A ROBERTS STORY

Earl Roberts has a remarkable memory for faces. The other day he paid a visit to his friend, Sir Henry Thuilier, at Richmond, and on his way saw

an old policeman, bearing on his breast the service medal of the famous march from Cabul to Candahar. His lordship immediately stopped his carriage, and, thrusting out both hands, grasped the arm of the old soldier, and anxiously inquired after his health. It had been years since Lord Roberts had seen the man, but he remembered his name and face. "My lord," said the old veteran, "you have made me feel ten years younger." The Field Marshal, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, remained some time talking to the ex-soldier-constable.

all the strong ones take an oar, or we shall be drowned."

There is no worse belief than that in fate and predestination to make you a failure.

It paralyzes your efforts, benumbs your energies, and makes you unfit for the fray.

Don't believe in luck, in fate, in predestination. Rise and believe in yourself. Make up your mind to do a thing; elbow all obstacles out of your way, and allow nothing to divert you from the road that leads to the goal you are aiming at.—*Max O'Rell*.

PREDESTINATION

The Greek philosopher Zeno believed in predestination. One day he caught his servant robbing him and he gave him a good hiding.

"Was I not destined to rob?" pleaded the servant. Why do you beat me?"

"Certainly," replied Zeno, "you were destined to rob, and you were also destined to be caned."

We are all, no doubt, destined to come across misfortunes and dangers, but we are also destined to do our utmost to avoid them, face them and overcome them.

If we are destined to be wrecked and placed in a boat, we are not destined to let ourselves go adrift and be carried away by the currents. We are destined to take the oars and strain every nerve to try and land somewhere.

The Scotch (who are the most practical people on earth) tell a good story on the subject. A boating party were caught in a storm.

"Let us pray," suggested someone. "Ay," said the boatman, "let the little man over there pray, but let

EXCHANGE HUMOUR

Young Wife: There is a gentleman in the library, dear, who wants to see you.



"SHE BELONGS TO THE 400, DOESN'T SHE?"

"WELL, SHE OUGHT TO BY THIS TIME. SHE HAS MARRIED THREE OF THEM."—*Life*



HAIRDRESSER—"Hair begins to get very thin, Sir"

CUSTOMER—"Yes"

HAIRDRESSER—"Have you tried our Tonic Lotion?"

CUSTOMER—"Yes. That didn't do it though"—*Punch*

Young Husband: Do you know who it is?

Young Wife: You must forgive me, dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so of late and you take such poor care of your health, and—and, oh, if I were to lose you, my darling!

Bursts into tears.

Young Husband: There, there, dear! Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right; you musn't be alarmed. But I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Dr. Pellet?

Young Wife: N-o, it is not a doctor; it's a—a life insurance agent.—*Selected.*

At an inquest on a case of suicide recently held in England, the foreman returned this remarkable verdict: "The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."—*Law Notes.*

"I believe," said the young physician, "that bad cooks supply us with half our patients."

"That's right," rejoined the old doctor. "And good cooks supply us with the other half."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"There are many young men," observed the Tobaccoist to the Wooden Indian, "who have the makings of good fellows in them, but who, thanks to their parents' strictness, grow up instead to be sober and useful citizens."—*Syracuse Herald.*

A young lady applicant for a school out West, says a St. Louis humorist, was asked the question: "What is your position upon whipping children?" and her reply was: "My

usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward." She got the school.—*New York Tribune.*

Mother: You naughty boy! You've been fighting.

Little Son: No, mother.

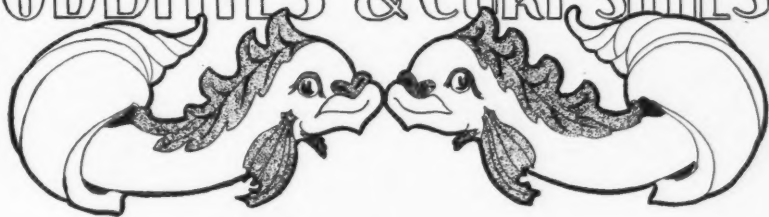
"How did your clothes get torn and your face get scratched?"

"I was trying to keep a bad boy from hurting a good little boy."

"That was noble. Who was the good little boy?"

"Me."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



THE GOLDEN EAGLE

THE Golden Eagle is easily distinguished from the Bald Eagle by the fact that its legs are feathered down to the toes. It is seldom seen in Ontario, but is common in the Northwest. It nests rather commonly on the Lower Mackenzie and Anderson Rivers and is found as far north as the Arctic coast. Its home is usually found in rugged and inaccessible cliffs. Its nest is an accumulation of sticks usually placed on a rocky crag. The eggs usually number two, rarely three. In the illustration which makes the frontispiece of this issue, there are three young birds, making it the more notable.

These fierce and daring birds are dark brown in colour, with golden brown lanceolate feathers on the head and neck. They are about three feet long when full grown, with wings which each measure upwards of two feet. The tail is only about one foot in length. The technical name is *Aquila Chrysaetos*.

This photograph of golden eagles was secured in the golden country near Atlin, British Columbia. On July 15th, 1902, Lewis P. Muirhead, jr., discovered the nest and faced the extreme difficulties of securing a photograph of it. He was lowered by ropes held by his companions until he swung opposite the nest. He was armed with a shot-gun and a camera. The shot-gun was necessary in case he should be attacked by the parent birds.

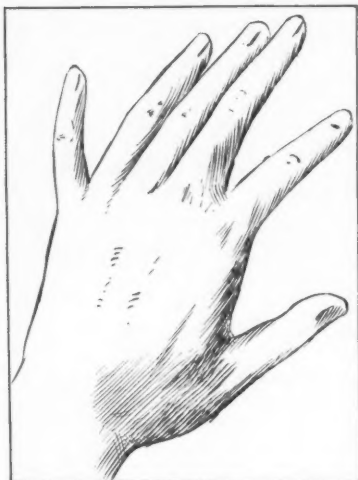
Luckily for the latter they did not appear.

After the photograph was taken, Mr. Muirhead took possession of the three young birds and succeeded in bringing them away one at a time. Each was placed in a "gunny-sack" containing a good-sized air-hole. They were given a twenty-mile ride on a pack-pony and then placed in a large cage.

Since that time they have been fed on squirrels, rabbits, and marmots, with an occasional grouse or fish as a delicate morsel. They are doing well, and at the last report were becoming strong, well-developed birds.



A FREAK TREE



SIX-FINGERED HAND

THE QUEEN'S FOWL

In recent years, under the incentive of Lady Alington's enthusiasm, Queen Alexandra has devoted her attention to poultry. Her bantams, from the royal aviary at Sandringham, have won many a prize at Watford and elsewhere, and it is a charming custom of hers to foster cottage poultry-rearing by sending her own exhibits to the village shows in Norfolk. Her Majesty does not encourage the destruction of rare visitants, and they seem to understand that they have nothing to fear from the keepers on the Sandringham demesne.

The royal aviary at Frogmore has now come into the possession of the Queen, and its resources are to be developed along the lines of her own preferences. Two hundred feet in length, it comprises eighteen poultry runs, and the upper part of the build-

ing is designed as a pigeon loft. Here, perhaps, His Majesty may keep some of the racing pigeons to which he has been devoting some attention of late, and the pouters, tumblers, and turtles which are at present in residence, to the number of about seventy, may be to some extent gradually displaced. The fowls include a pen of silver-spangled Hamburgs. The egg production of the royal aviary for many years has averaged an annual output of 20,000.

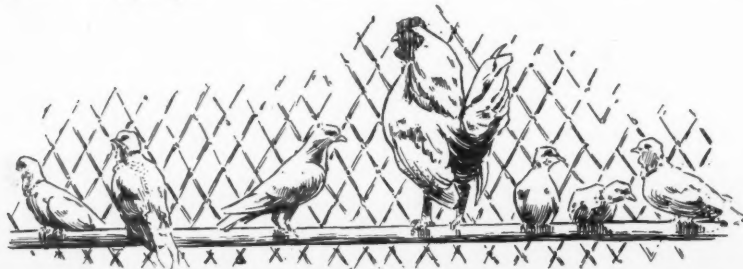
The Queen is also very fond of doves, and loves to pet and tame them.

A TREE FREAK

A peculiar freak of nature is shown in the accompanying cut. It is the union of two birch trees and another tree growing from it. The trees are about ten feet apart. About twelve feet from the ground they meet and form an arch. Another tree grows from the arch and branches out in the same way as its parents, if such they may be called. These trees can be seen about a mile and a half west of Yonge Street, near York Mills, not far from the city of Toronto.

SIX FINGERS ON EACH HAND

People with six fingers or six toes are occasionally met with, says *Tit Bits*, but for a man to have six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot, giving him a total of twenty-four fingers and toes, instead of the ordinary twenty, is a curiosity so rare as to entitle him to distinction. He is a servant of the Marquis of Ballincourt, and his peculiarity has won him the nickname of "Twenty-four" from his fellow-servants. One of his hands is shown here.





CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



WHEN the Hon. Mr. Sifton visited the people of St. Paul, U.S.A., the other day, they talked to him of reciprocity. He shook his head and told them that when the Canadian seekers after reciprocity went away disappointed from Washington five years ago, reciprocity sentiment in Canada received a sad blow. When Senator McMullen addressed a special convention of business men at Detroit the other day, he told them plainly that Canada had passed the "green-goods" stage.

This stiffening of attitude is pleasing. It does not necessarily imply that Canada is opposed to reciprocity, but it does signify that Canada is determined to ask no more favours from Washington.

The developments concerning the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway indicate that there will be no land grant from the Dominion, but that some of the provinces may make such grants. Sir Wm. Mulock has pointed out in a letter to the Single Tax Association of Toronto that the Dominion has lands only in the Territories, and that even there it has little to spare. The Hon. Mr. Sifton, in addressing the Young Liberal Club at Winnipeg, admitted that such a railway would be entitled to moderate assistance, but that it should not receive Crown lands.

Last month in this column was mentioned the endeavour of the Montreal

branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to improve the technical education facilities afforded the industrial army of that city. It is a pleasure to see that their plans show development. In this one respect Canada's largest city has not kept abreast of the times.

The Mechanics' Institute is still doing the work it did sixty-three years ago when it was established, but while it has continued the performance of its functions, the utility of those functions has passed away. In the annual report of the Institute it is noticeable that the membership fees do not cover the payment of the magazine and paper subscriptions. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the life members turned out to the annual meeting in numbers goodly enough to pass resolutions sanctioning the sale of the property and the devotion of the proceeds to modern industrial education. Sixty years ago industrial education signified the supplying of reading material; to-day it has altered to trade instruction.

It is said a citizens' committee is being formed, composed of representatives of the Manufacturers' Association, the Mechanics' Institute, the Montreal Board of Trade, the Bankers' Association, the Insurance Institute, and the two large railway corporations who have armies of workmen in the city, which will take charge of the movement and see that a properly equipped institution is provided forthwith. It is understood that some of Montreal's leading capitalists have taken places

on the committee, and that the Science Faculty of McGill University is lending its assistance. The object will be to augment the fund to \$300,000 at least.

At present Canada is importing a considerable proportion of its skilled labour. When the cotton manufacturers wish a superintendent, an expert, a man to whom they can look for advice, he is invariably imported. When the garment makers want an expert he is imported. When the founders want a moulder he is imported. When our fathers, imbued with business aspirations for their sons, wish to educate them industrially, they send them abroad to foreign training schools, or keep them at home and have them taught by correspondence from other foreign institutions. It is estimated that there are 25,000 Canadians paying high tuition fees to these correspondence institutions. Verily our industrialism is not on a national basis, and any attempt made to improve it cannot but call forth words of approval.

Talking about Canadian export trade, one can scarcely be condemned for remarking that the attempts which some of our manufacturers are making to do an export trade are approaching the ludicrous. The reason may lie in excessive domestic demand, in lack of skilled labour, or in want of capital. But it does seem strange that they should counsel our Government to establish a direct line of steamers with South Africa and then find they cannot supply more than two carloads of manufactures (omitting flour, which is generally considered agricultural) per ship, and there are only twelve boats a year. Remark, counselling the Government to subsidize a line of boats to the extent of \$100,000 for twenty-four carloads of goods! One can only say that Canadian manufacturers lack the courage of their own convictions, for they seem to be afraid to trust their products in competition with those of

Britain, Germany, and the United States. It may be that this condition of affairs will improve; likely it will, for it is noticeable that agencies and commission houses are being established. But a huge supply of initiative energy is required yet. In addition, some of our capital emigrating to Mexico, Cuba, and the Argentine Republic (not to mention our investments in foreign stocks) might well be employed at home.

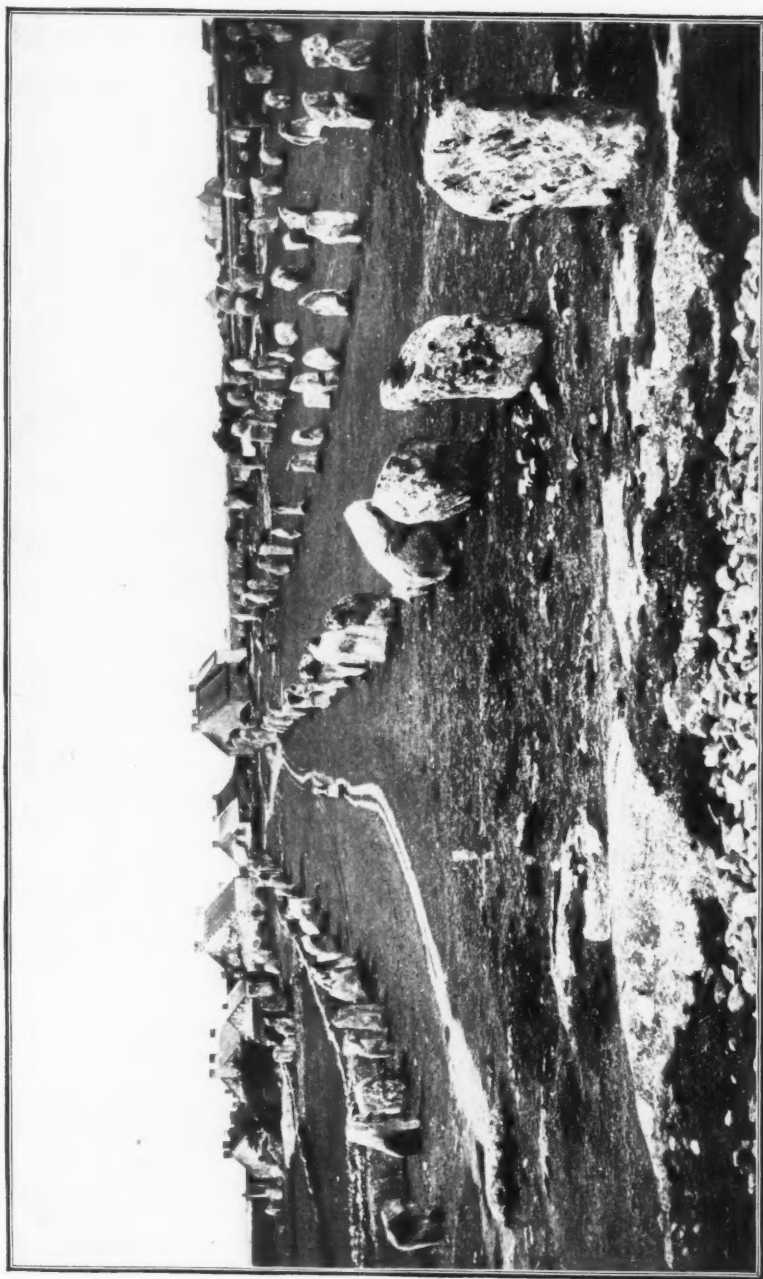
The conference of representatives of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, to be held in Montreal in August of this year, will be an important event for Canada, and intent upon the advertising of their country as Canadians are, it is not likely that the opportunity will be lost to impress upon the commercial men of the mother country and sister colonies the agricultural and industrial advancement of British North America. This advertising should prove a profitable investment. We want Canada for the Canadians, but we also want Canada for other people, either by bringing them in here and setting them to work or by sending our goods to them to be consumed—and paid for. Our warmest advocates of inter-Imperial trade are said to be considering the advisability of making an extensive exhibit of Canadian manufactured goods in Montreal; and as for our agricultural resources, the delegates must needs travel to estimate them.

For every pound of Canadian mail matter carried by the United States post-office, one hundred pounds of United States mail matter is carried by the Canadian post-office. The postal convention between Canada and the United States is antiquated and unjust. It should be revised. The flood of United States periodicals and catalogues is injurious to Canadian trade. The Canadian post-office has not yet heard of the policy "Canada for the Canadians."

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THE STRANGE STONE MONUMENTS OF BRITTANY, FRANCE

THE CELTIC REMAINS OF MENEC AT CARNAC, WITH 874 STONES IN ONE FIELD
PHOTOGRAPH BY Z. LE ROUZIC, CARNAC